

AUTUMN
ISSUE

No. 39

1945

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Captain
TRIUMPH

battles crime
over the city!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIANT TELESCOPE OFFER

BIG — POWERFUL — Over 3½ Feet Long!

Here's the GREATEST TELESCOPE VALUE in all AMERICA

The Yankee Clipper Super Telescope is by far the longest, most powerful and finest Telescope being sold at only \$1.98 including a Carrying Case. Most Telescopes of this size and power sell for considerably more. Yet, no matter how much you might expect to pay, we absolutely guarantee that you can't buy a better Telescope than this one for less money anywhere in the country today. Just imagine! It's over 3½ ft. long, yet as light in weight that you can hold it in one position for hours. It's so powerful, you can clearly see far away objects which are almost invisible to the naked eye. You can see people and wild life miles away and watch what they're doing when they can't see you. Sensational! Exciting! Fun and adventure such as you've never known before!

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Only
\$1.98
CARRYING CASE INCLUDED

Has THREE Large Precision Ground Optical Lenses

You get this portable Carrying Case which is made especially for this Telescope. Slides over easily and closes at top by means of a draw string which acts as handle. Can be folded into small package to be carried in pocket when not in use.

Hurry! RUSH THIS COUPON!

Our Supply of Telescopes is Going Fast . . .

Get Yours Now—So That You Won't Be Disappointed!



Your Money Back If This Telescope Doesn't Thrill and Delight You

Don't confuse this Yankee Clipper with weak visioned Telescopes you may have seen or heard about. It's patented Super Power and measures over 3½ ft. in length from end to end. Lenses are of optically-ground polished glass—product of one of America's big optical houses. There is no other Telescope like it being offered anywhere in America at this low price. While our supply lasts, this remarkable high powered Telescope is available to you at the sensational low price of only \$1.98. Think of it—only \$1.98—with Carrying Case. Rush your order today. Hold on an iron-clad money back guarantee if you're not more than pleased with the way this super Telescope performs.

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ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3129-A, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Please rush me the Yankee Clipper Giant 3½ ft. long Telescope complete with Carrying Case. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus few cents postage and COD charges, with the understanding that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted with the way this Telescope performs, I can return it within 10 days and get my money back in full.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance. Please send Telescope with Carrying Case all shipping charges prepaid.

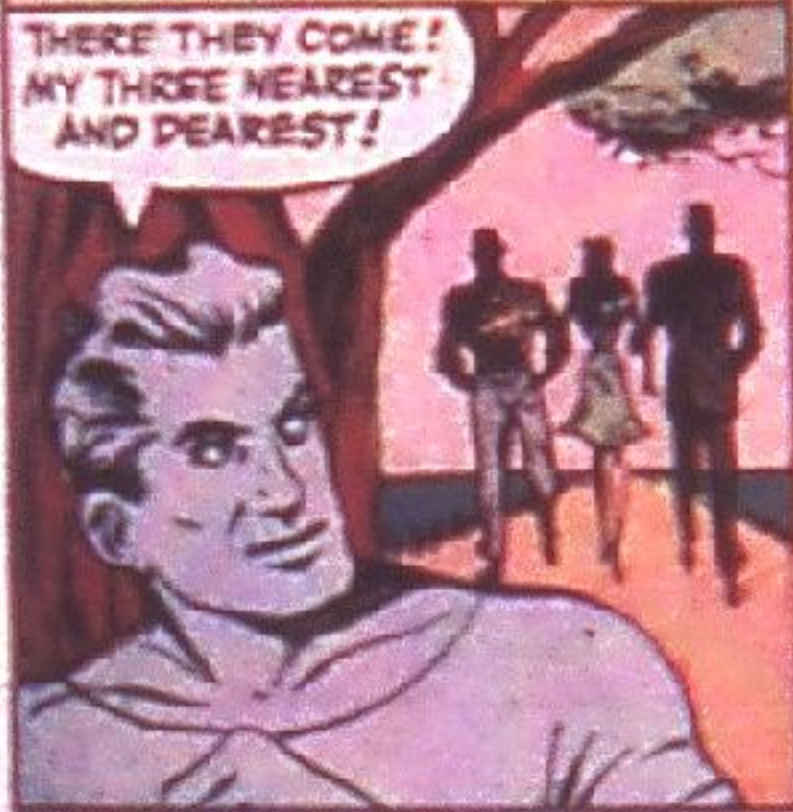
CRACK COMICS

Captain TRIUMPH



What's in a name?... Michael is the name of a conquering spirit—and the spirit of Michael Gallant, bravely and untimely killed, still walks the world, waiting to be called into battle!...

THERE THEY COME! MY THREE NEAREST AND DEAREST!



KIM WAS MY SWEETHEART—THE FINEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!



NEXT—MY BROTHER LANCE! WHEN HE TOUCHES THE BIRTHMARK ON HIS WRIST, HE CALLS ME INTO ACTION! HE AND I COMBINE INTO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



AND BIFF — A LOYAL, FAITHFUL PAL! CALL HIM STUBBORN, STUPID, FUNNY — BUT HE'S SQUARE!



As a disembodied spirit, Michael is aware of many faint, faraway disturbances...



WHAT'S HAPPENING YONDER?



At the office of political boss Marz...

BOYS, YOUR STRONG-ARM STUFF CARRIED THE ELECTION SWELL! YOU'RE WORTH EVERYTHING I PAID YOU! AND NOW WE'LL SAY GOODBYE—

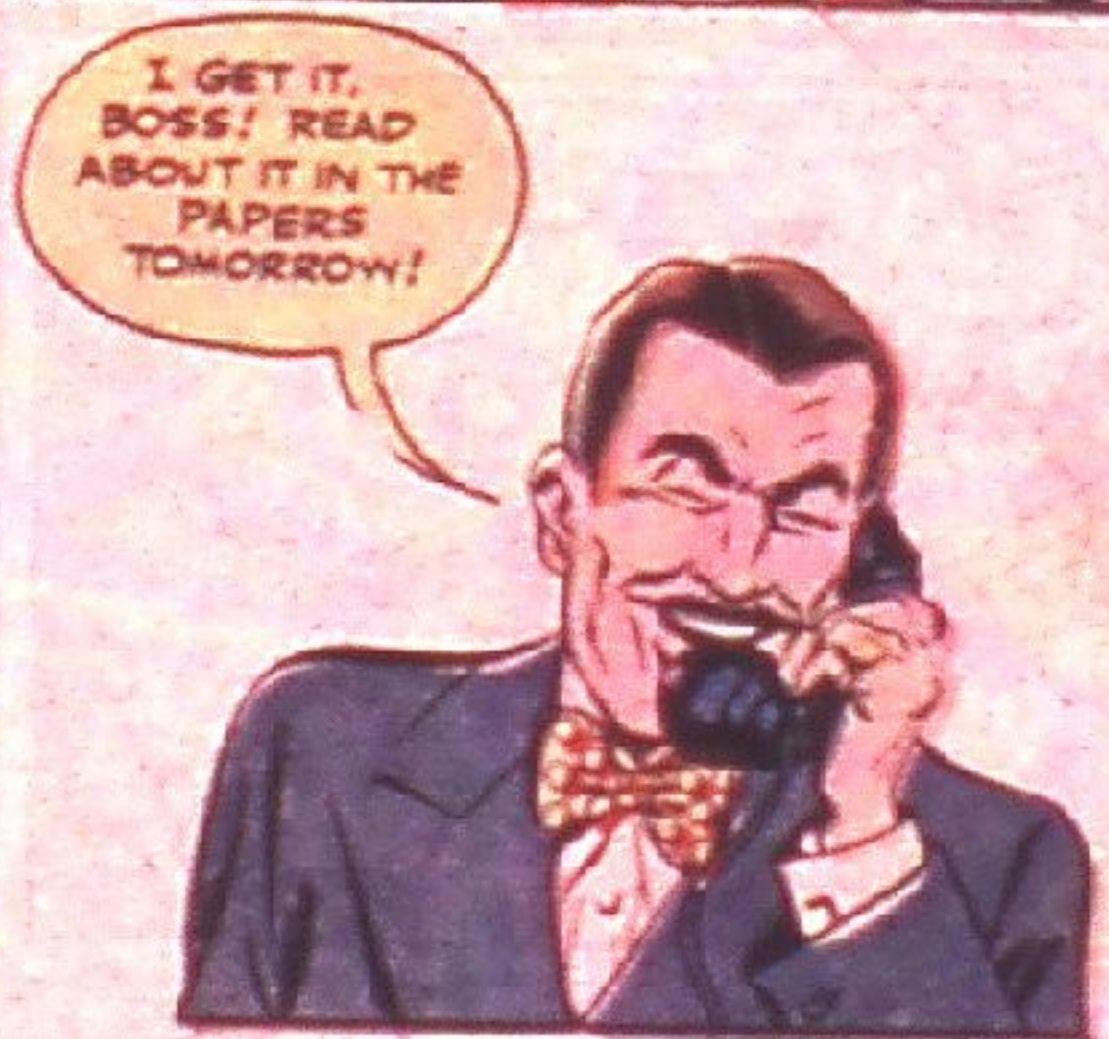
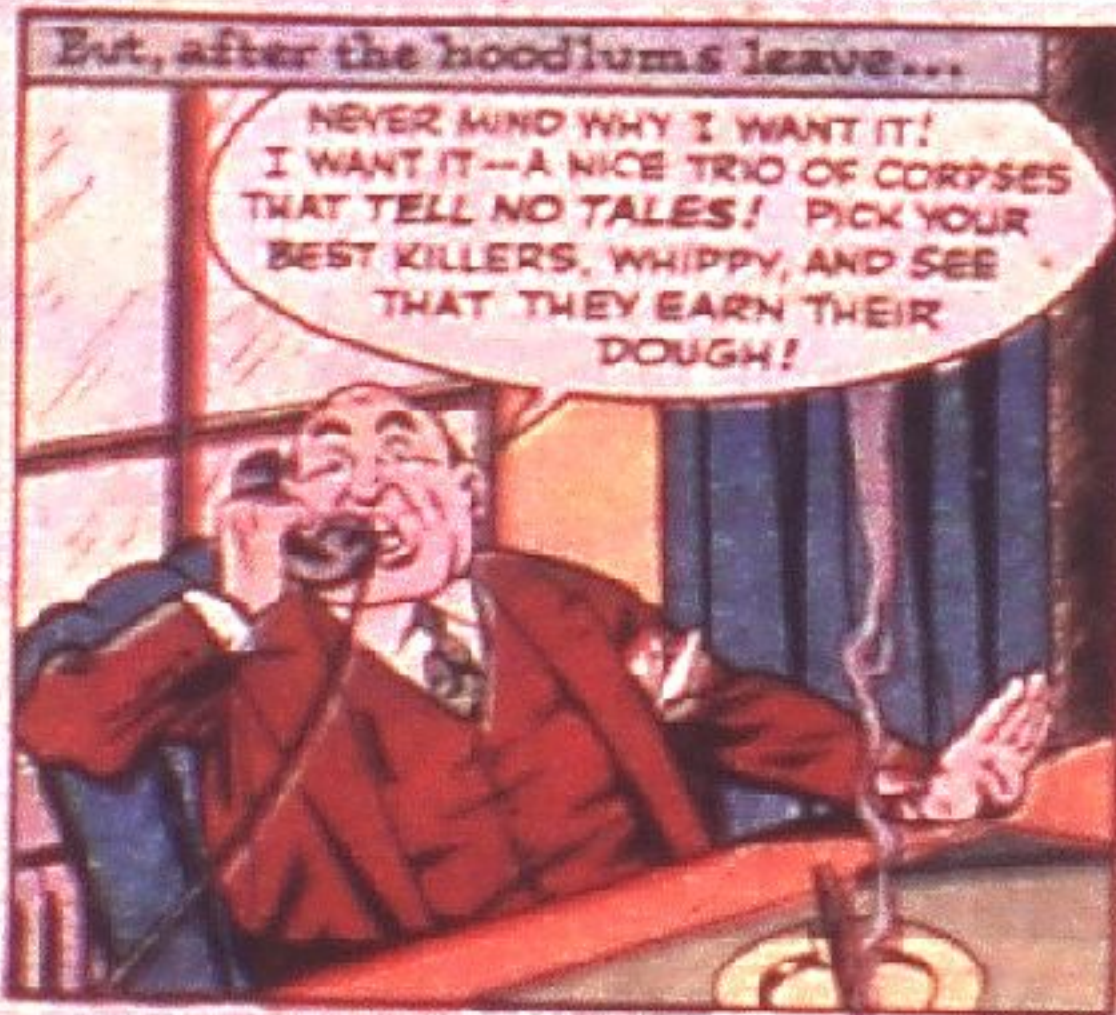
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



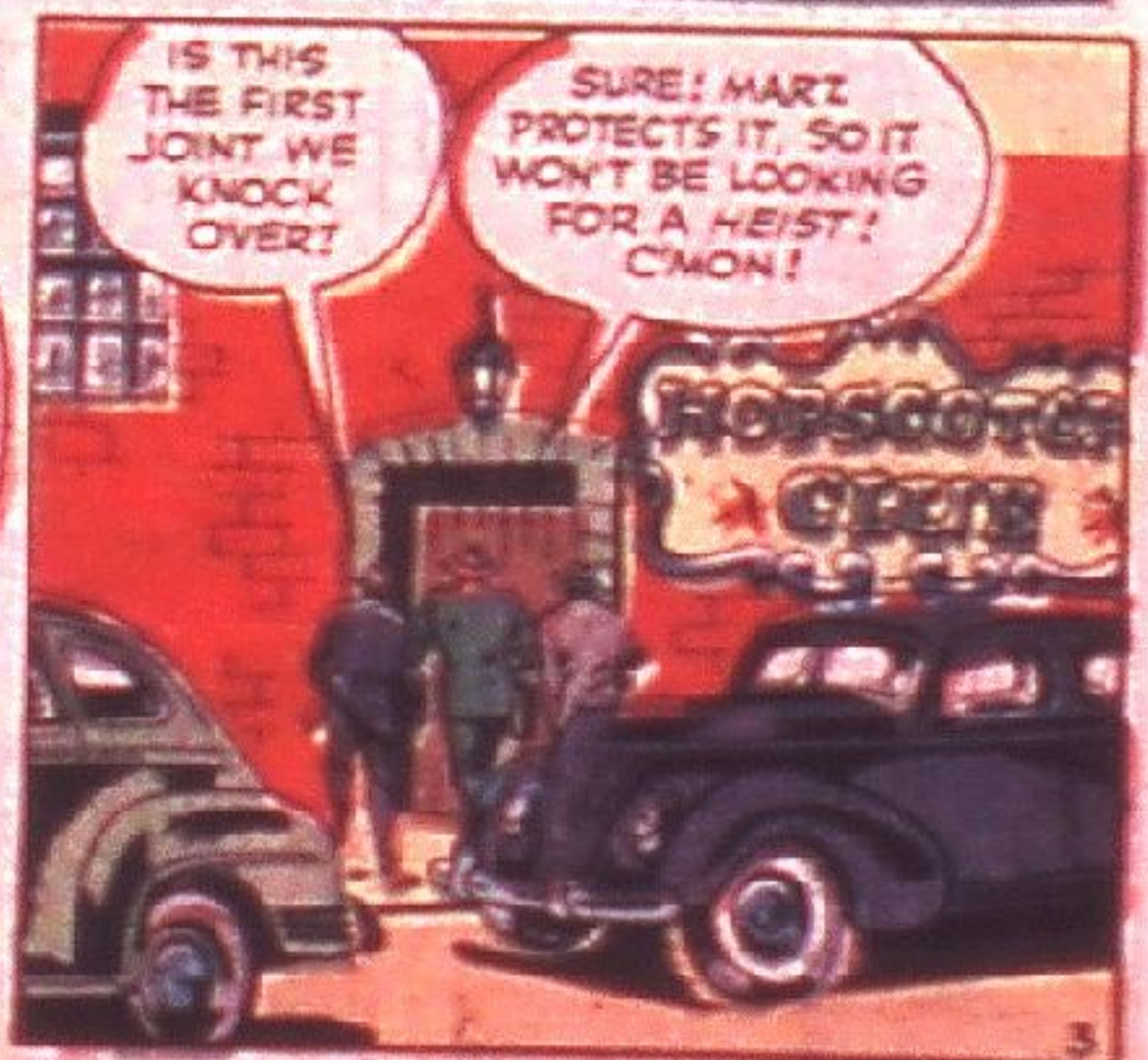
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I BROUGHT YOU IN FOR THE ELECTION! WELL, IT'S OVER!

YEAH, BUT WE LIKE THE TOWN! WE'RE STAYING!





All these things are witnessed by the unseen ghost of Michael Gallant...



CRACK COMICS



A rub on Lance's wrist—
and the champion of
justice materializes!



THERE'S THE SURVIVOR—
LOOKS AS IF HE KNOWS
WHAT HE'S GOING
TO DO!



WHIPPY!
YOU—DID
IT!

VERY QUICKLY AND SIMPLY!
TOMORROW THE PAPERS
WILL CALL IT SELF-
DEFENSE!



I WAS THE ONLY
SURVIVOR! NOBODY
KNOWS THAT I PUT
EM ON THE SPOT
BUT YOU AND—
ME!

YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL
I AM, WHIPPY! THEY WERE
—WRONG GUYS!



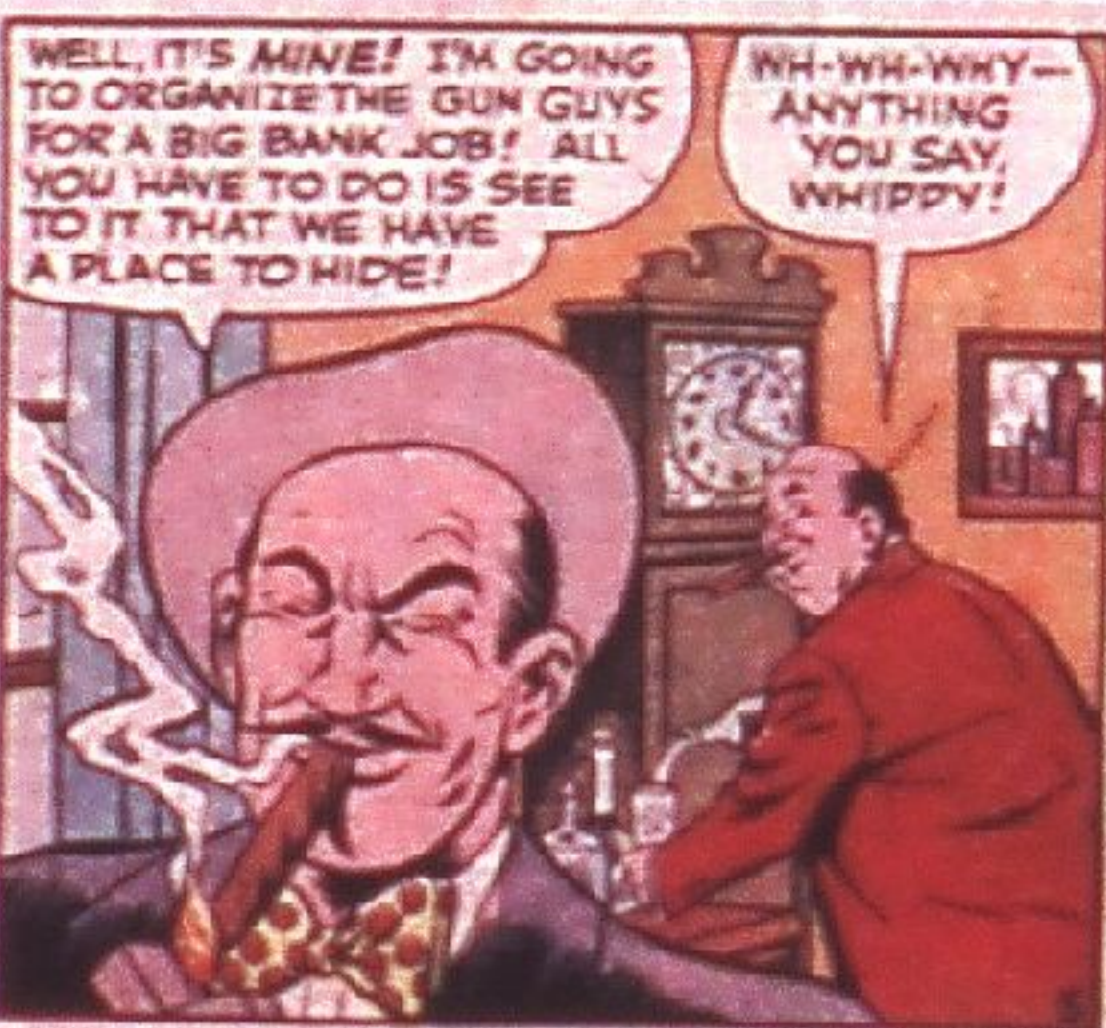
BUT THEY HAD A GOOD IDEA!
RACKETEERS AND ROBBERY IN
THIS TOWN—UNDER YOUR
POLITICAL PROTECTION! I
SAY—LET'S TAKE UP
WHERE THEY LEFT OFF!

BUT—BUT—
VIOLENCE
ISN'T MY
LINE!



WELL, IT'S MINE! I'M GOING
TO ORGANIZE THE GUN GUYS
FOR A BIG BANK JOB! ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEE
TO IT THAT WE HAVE
A PLACE TO HIDE!

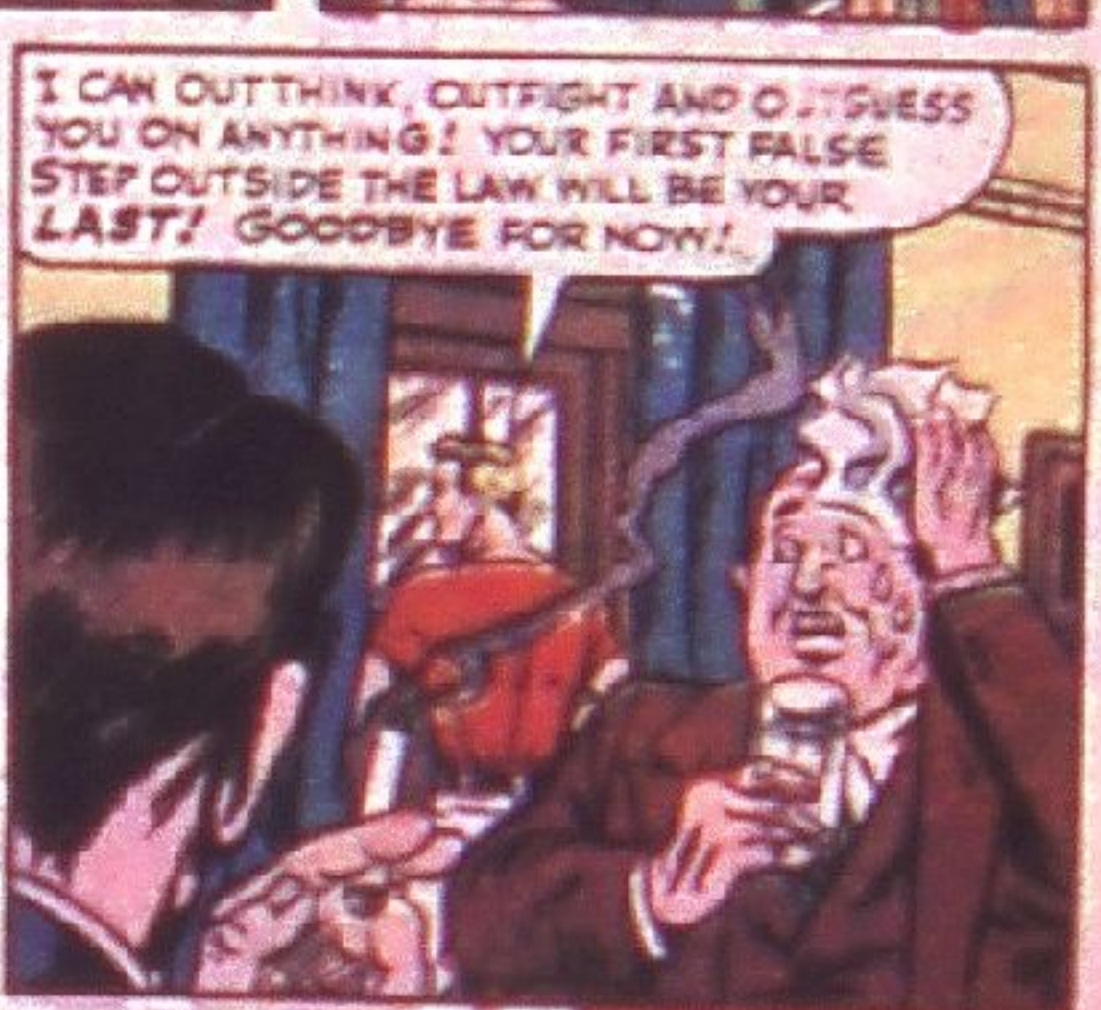
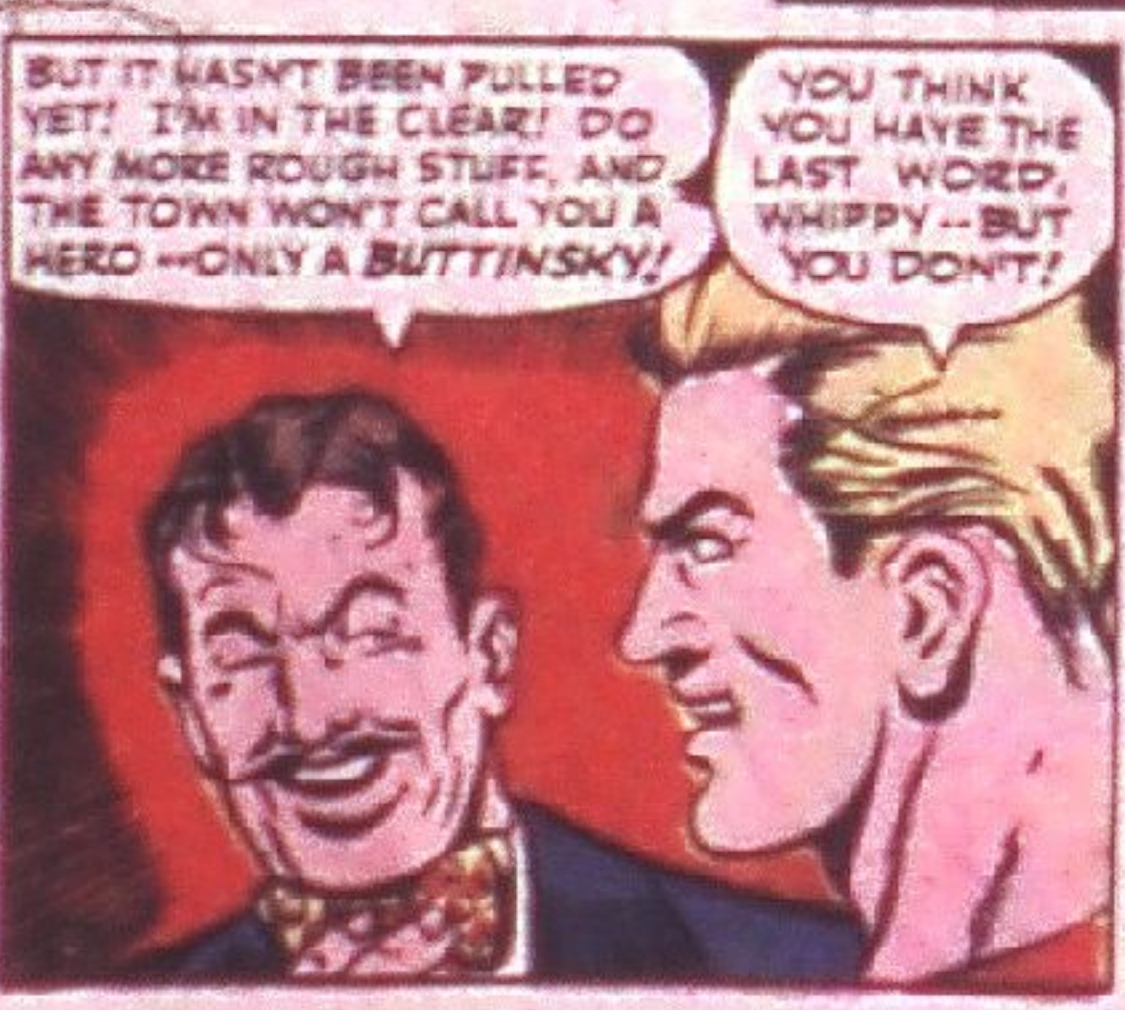
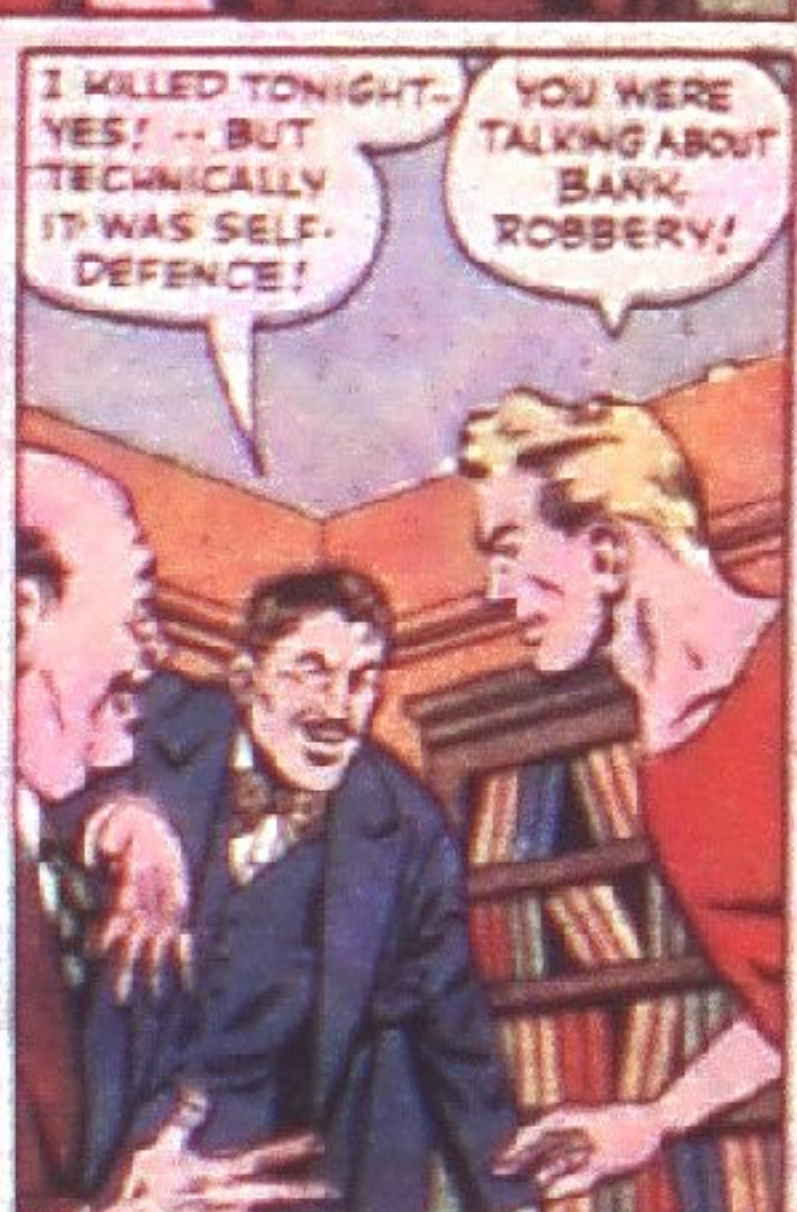
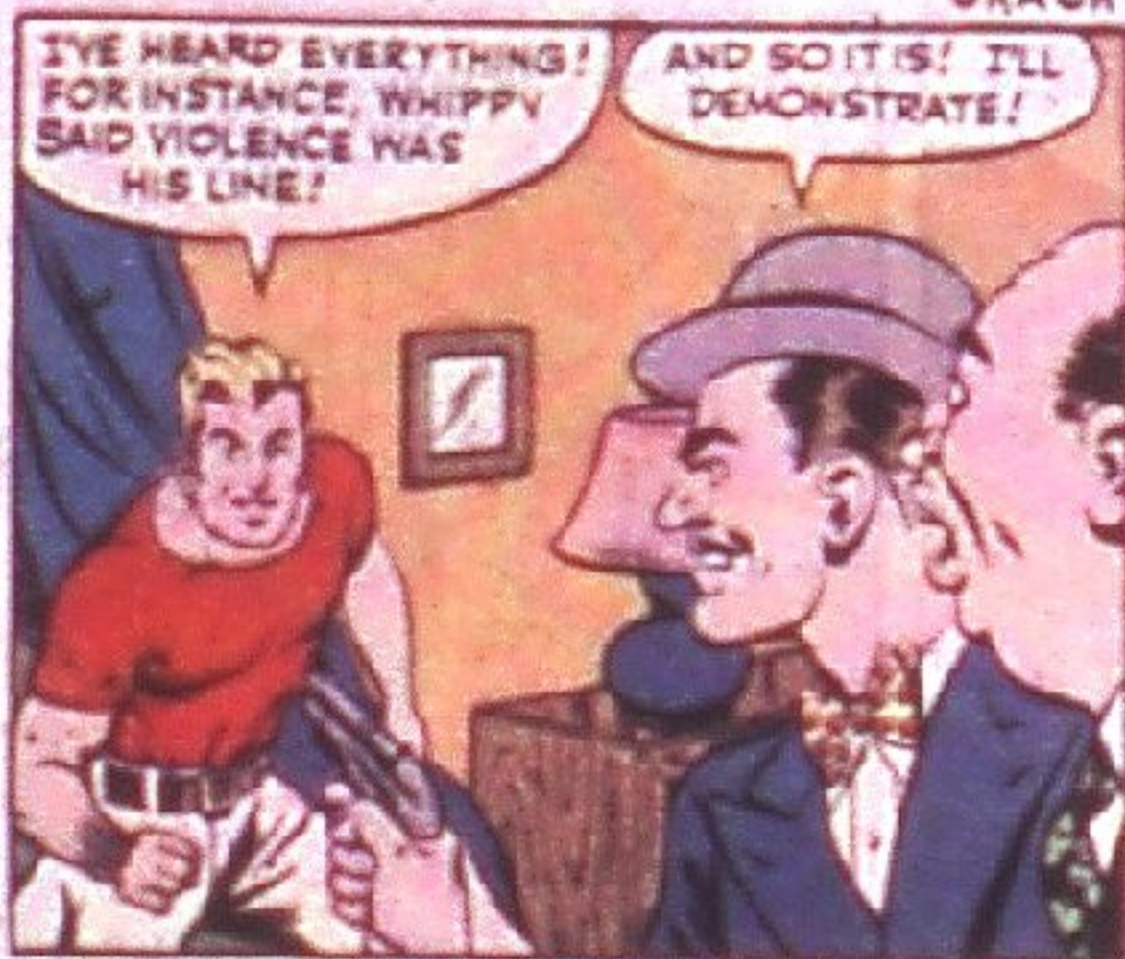
WH—WH—WHY—
ANYTHING
YOU SAY,
WHIPPY!

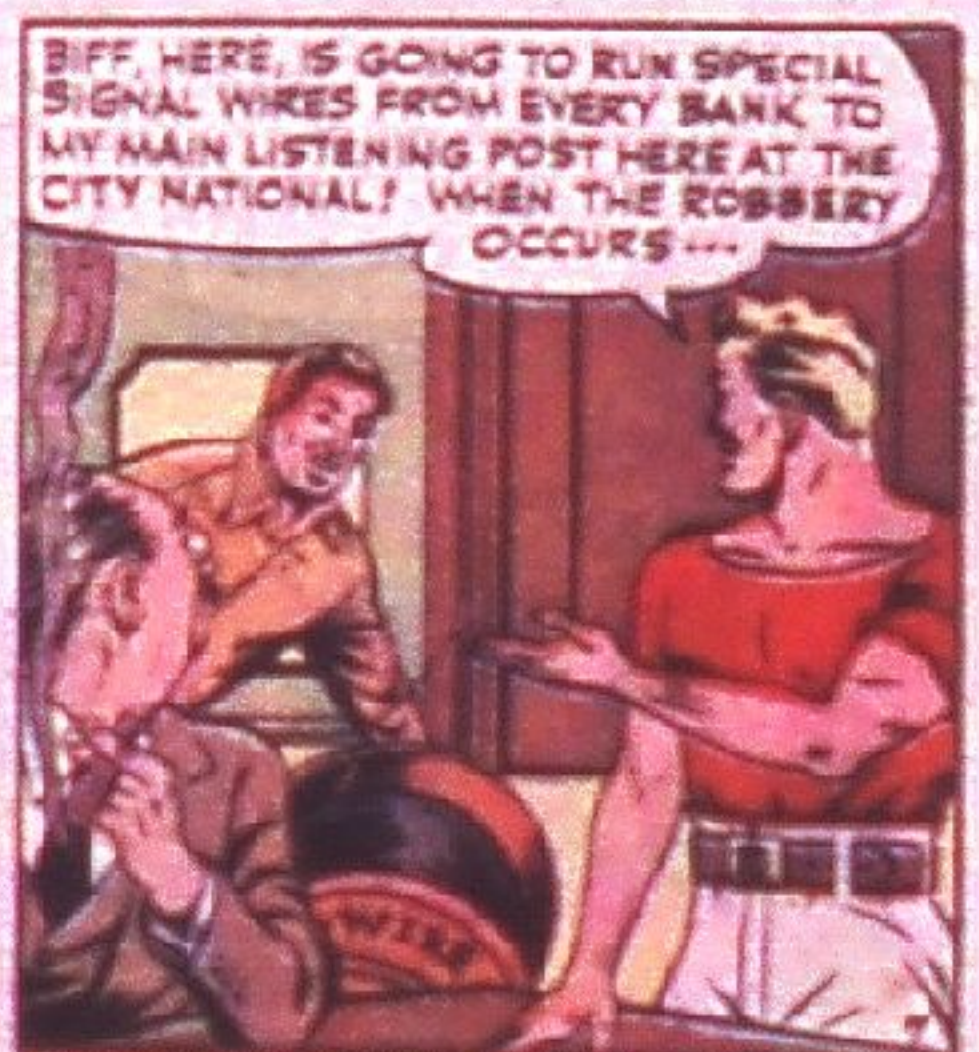
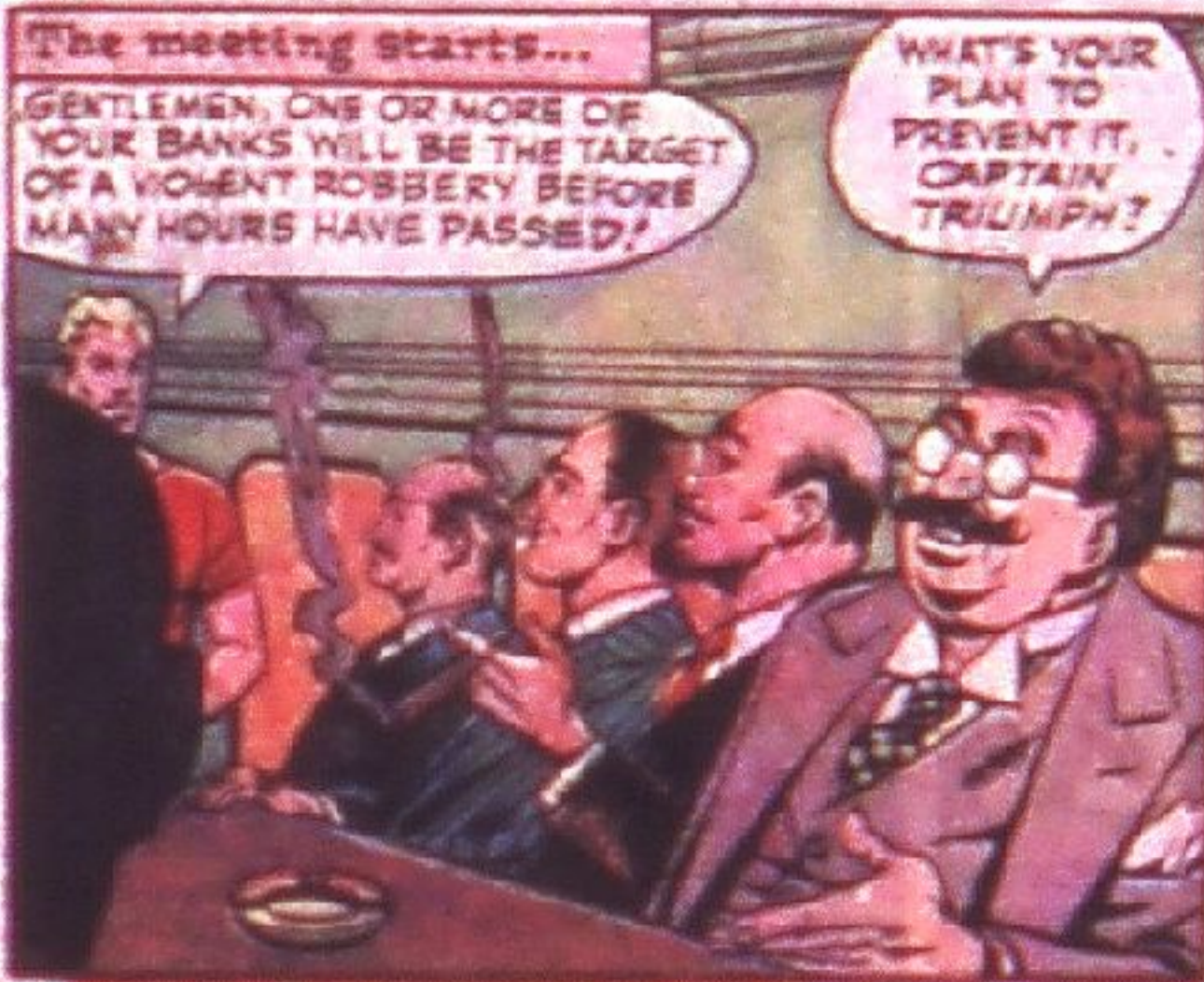
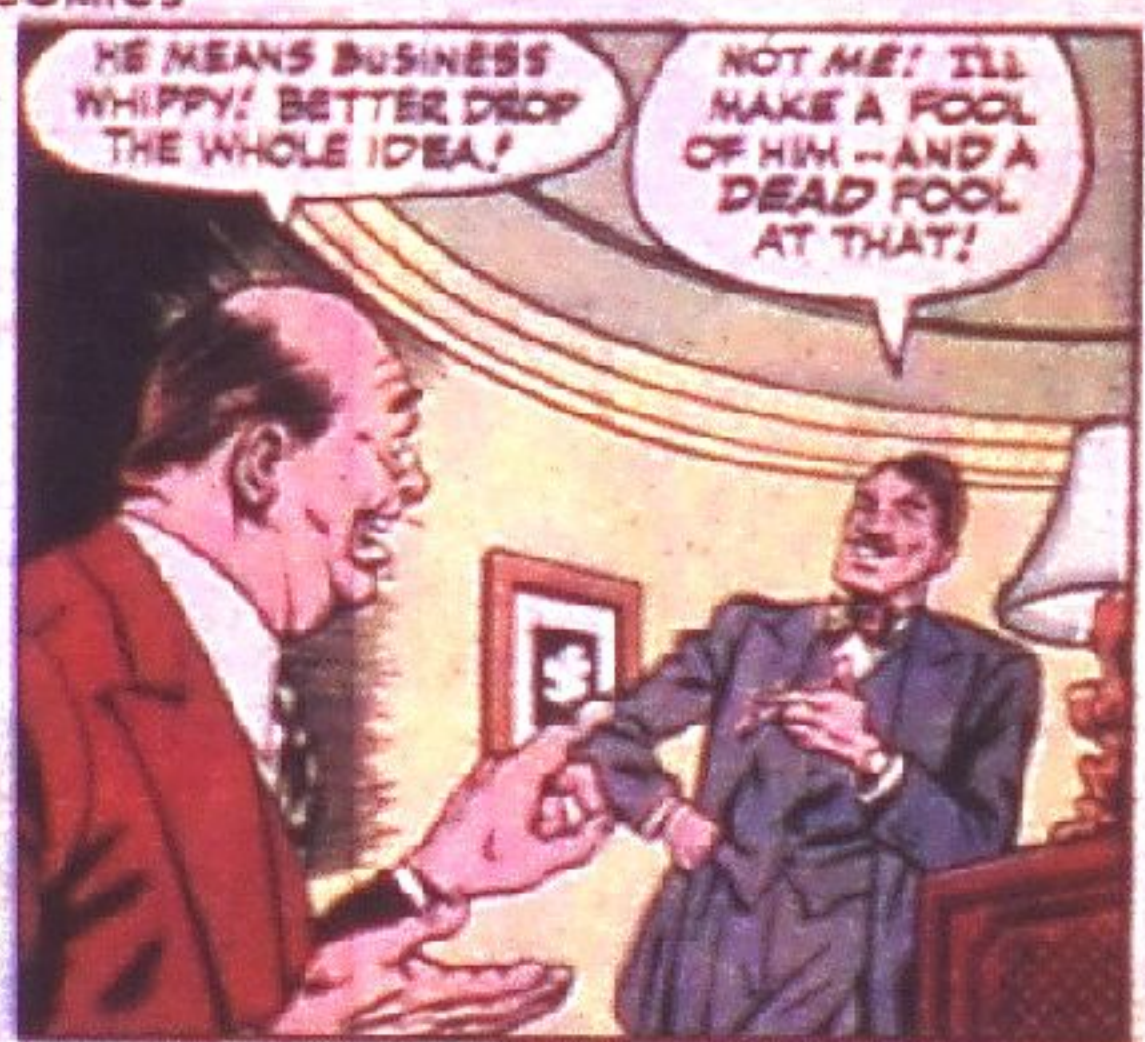


IT—IT'S—

YOU
GUESSED IT!
CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH!







CRACK COMICS





Meanwhile, Captain Triumph has not been idle...



HOLD UP, EH? YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE HOLDING UP VERY WELL!



WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS?

IT'S JUST A PRACTICAL JOKE, OFFICER!

WE'RE BEING INITIATED INTO A LODGE - WE WERE TOLD TO FAKE A HOLD UP! SEE, THIS GUN'S ONLY A CIGARETTE CASE!

DO TELL!



YEP, THIS THING IS A TOY, TOO--

BUT REAL ROBBERIES HAVE BEEN STAGED WITH FAKE GUNS!



WE WANTED TO MAKE SURE IT WAS TAKEN AS A JOKE! LOOK, WE CHAINED OUR OWN GETAWAY CAR SO IT COULDN'T RUN!

THAT KINDA PROVES THEY DIDN'T MEAN BUSINESS!



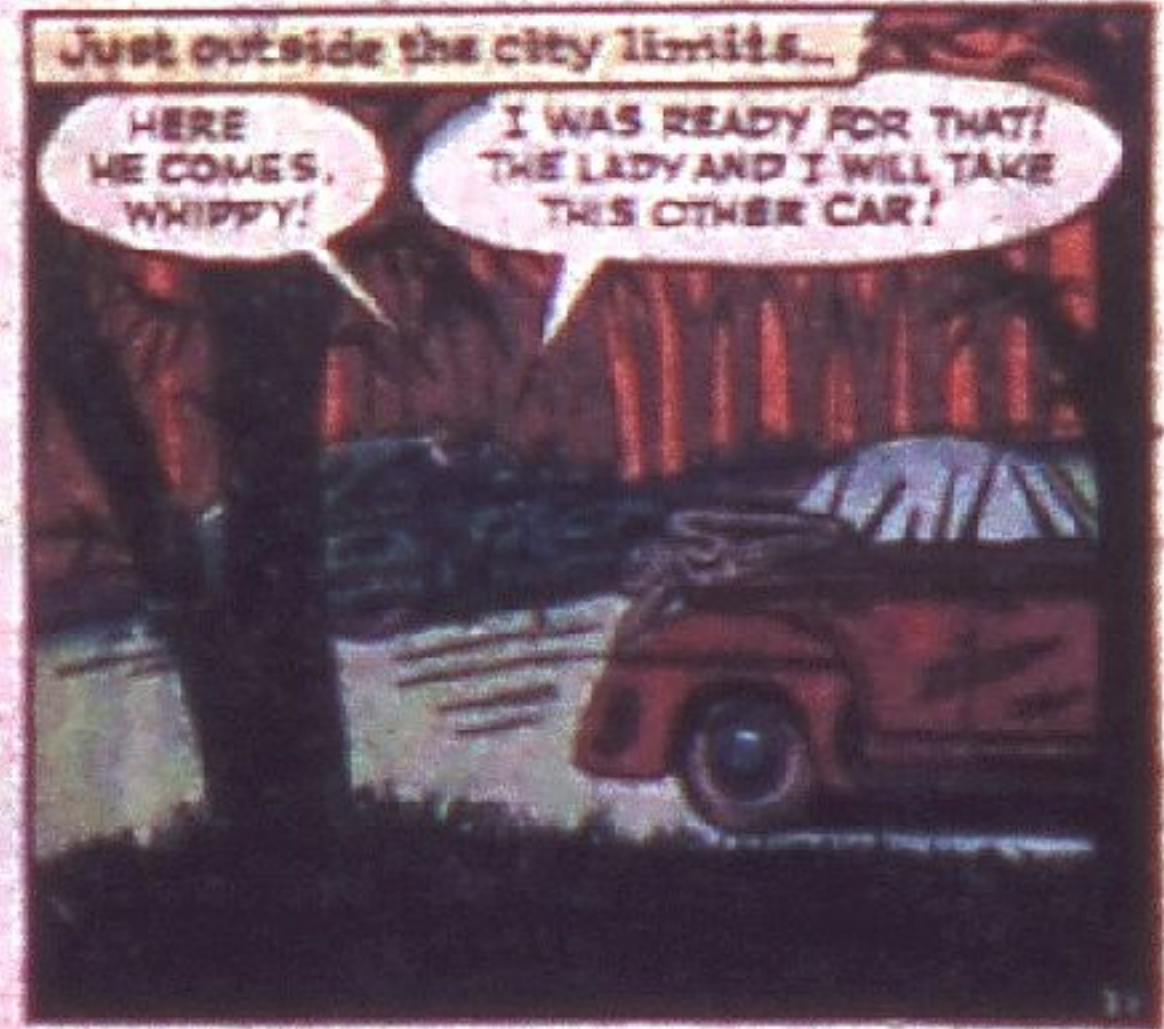
WELL, JUST TO KEEP THE DEPARTMENT FROM LOOKING SILLY, I'M GONNA LET YOU--

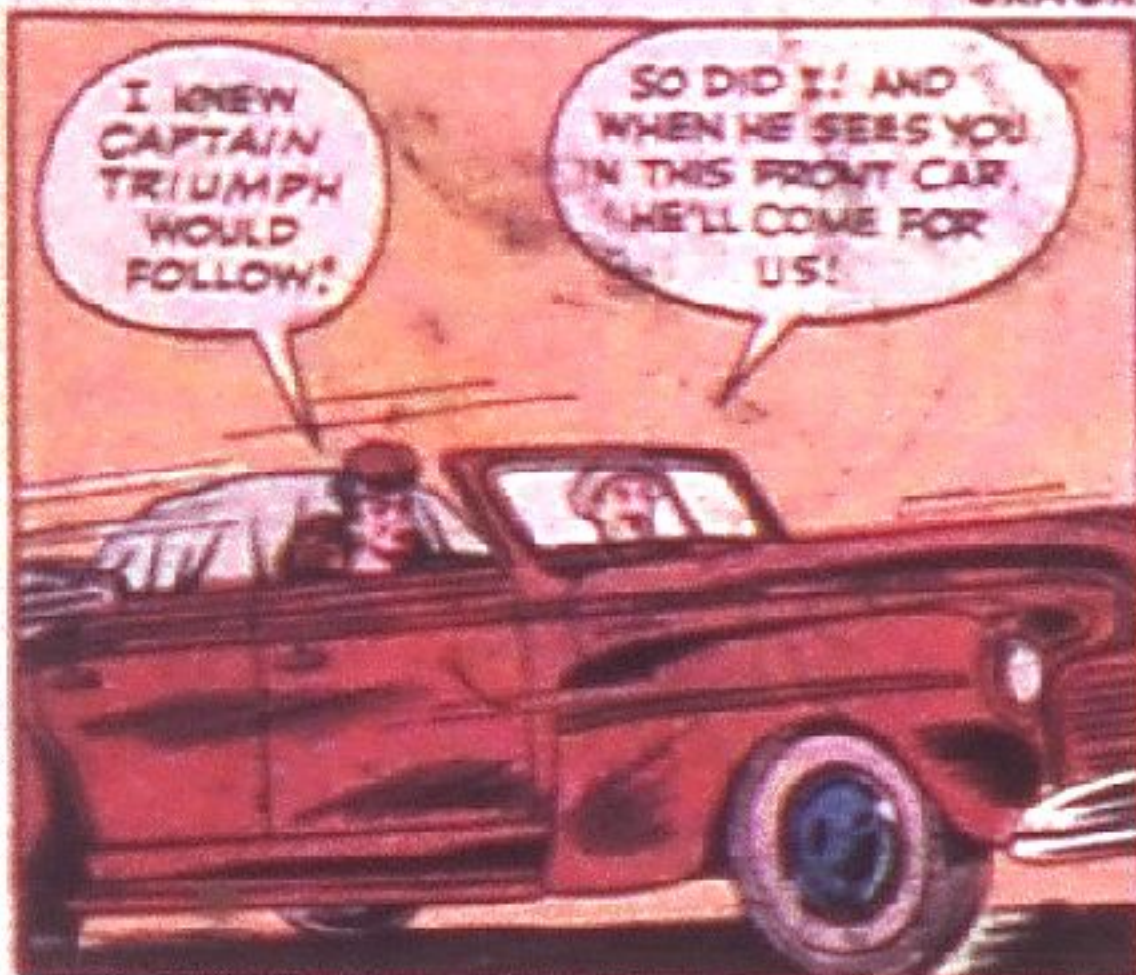


HANG ONTO THOSE MEN, OFFICER! MORE TROUBLE AT THE BANK!



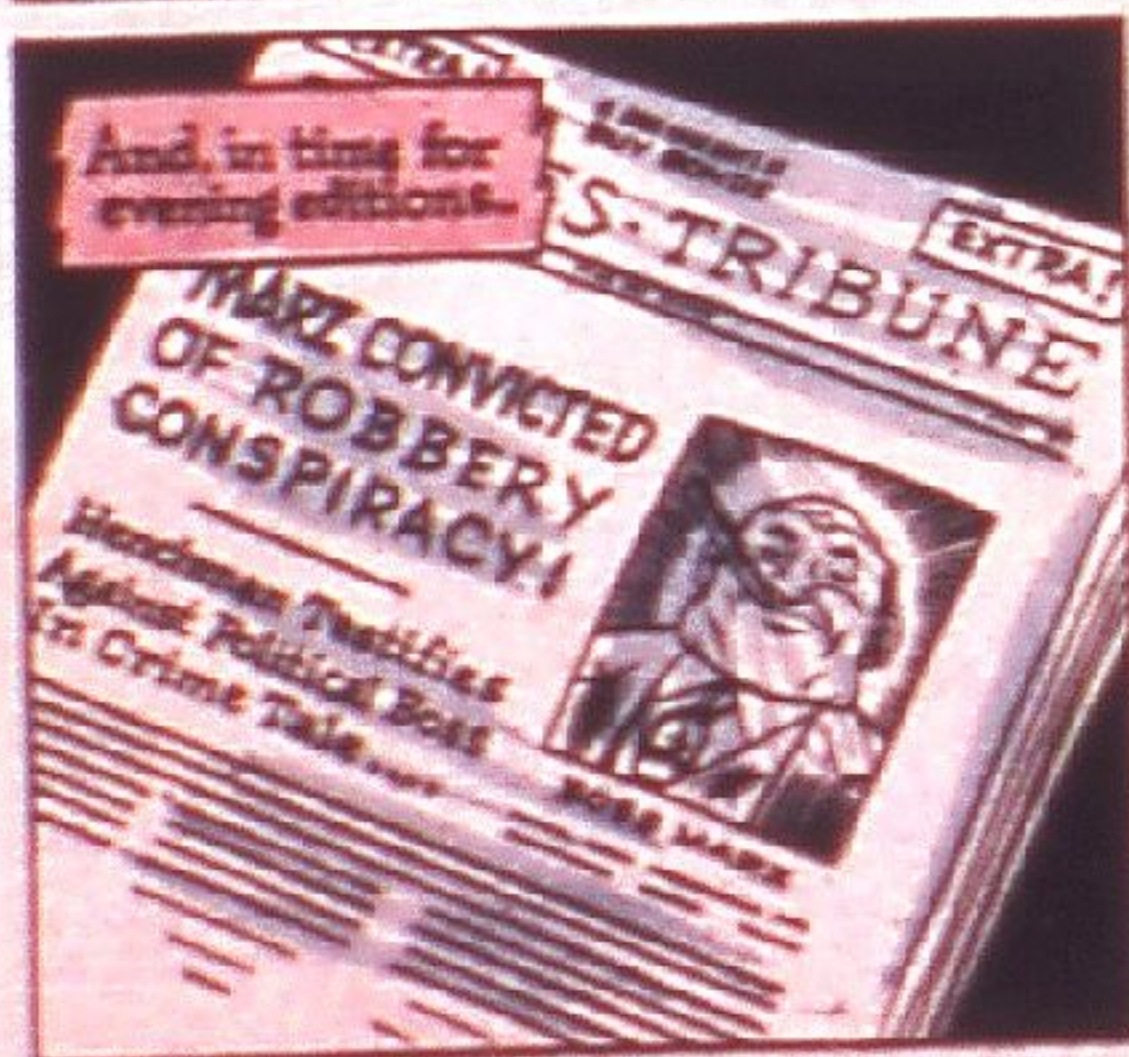
WAKE!







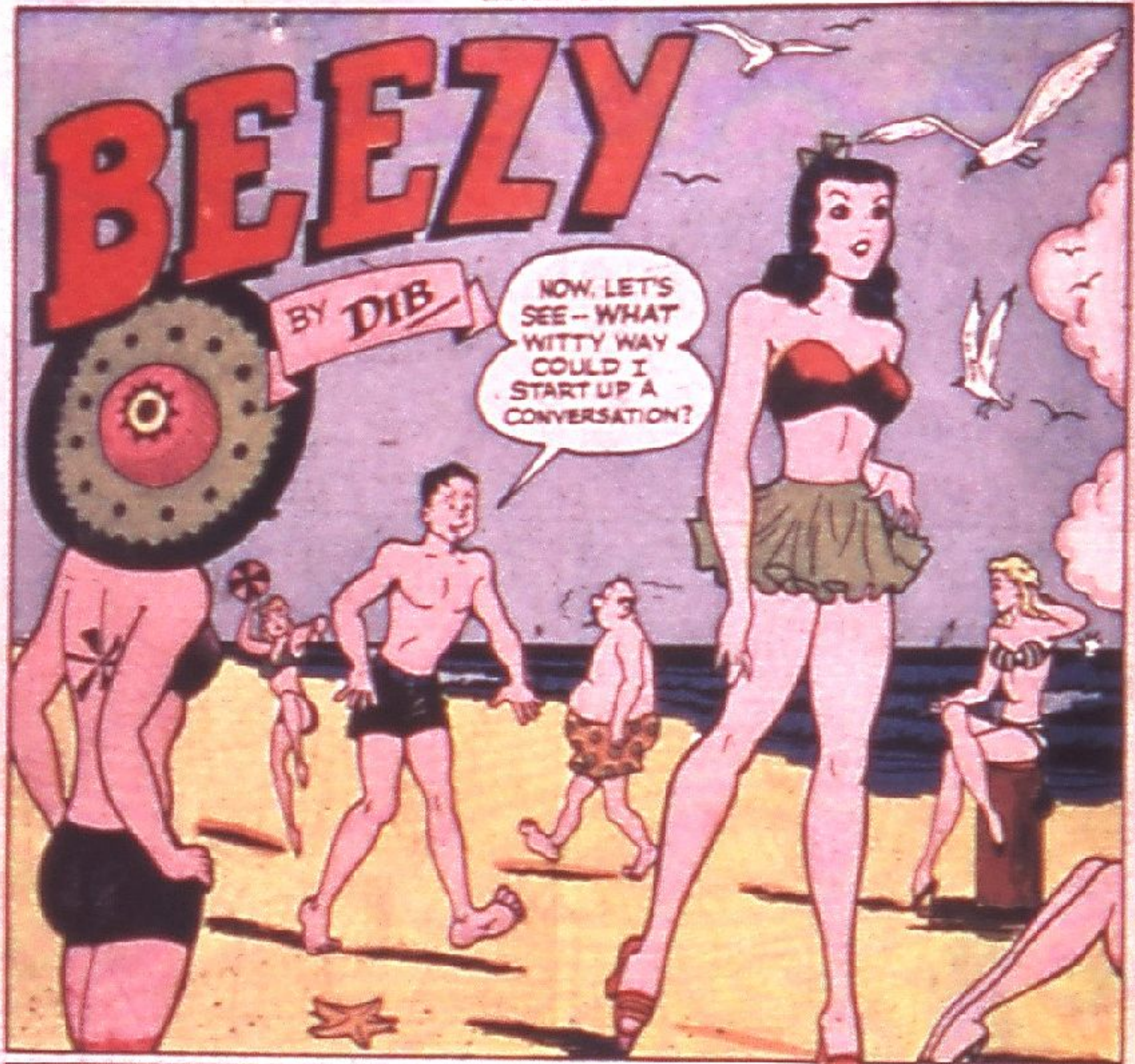




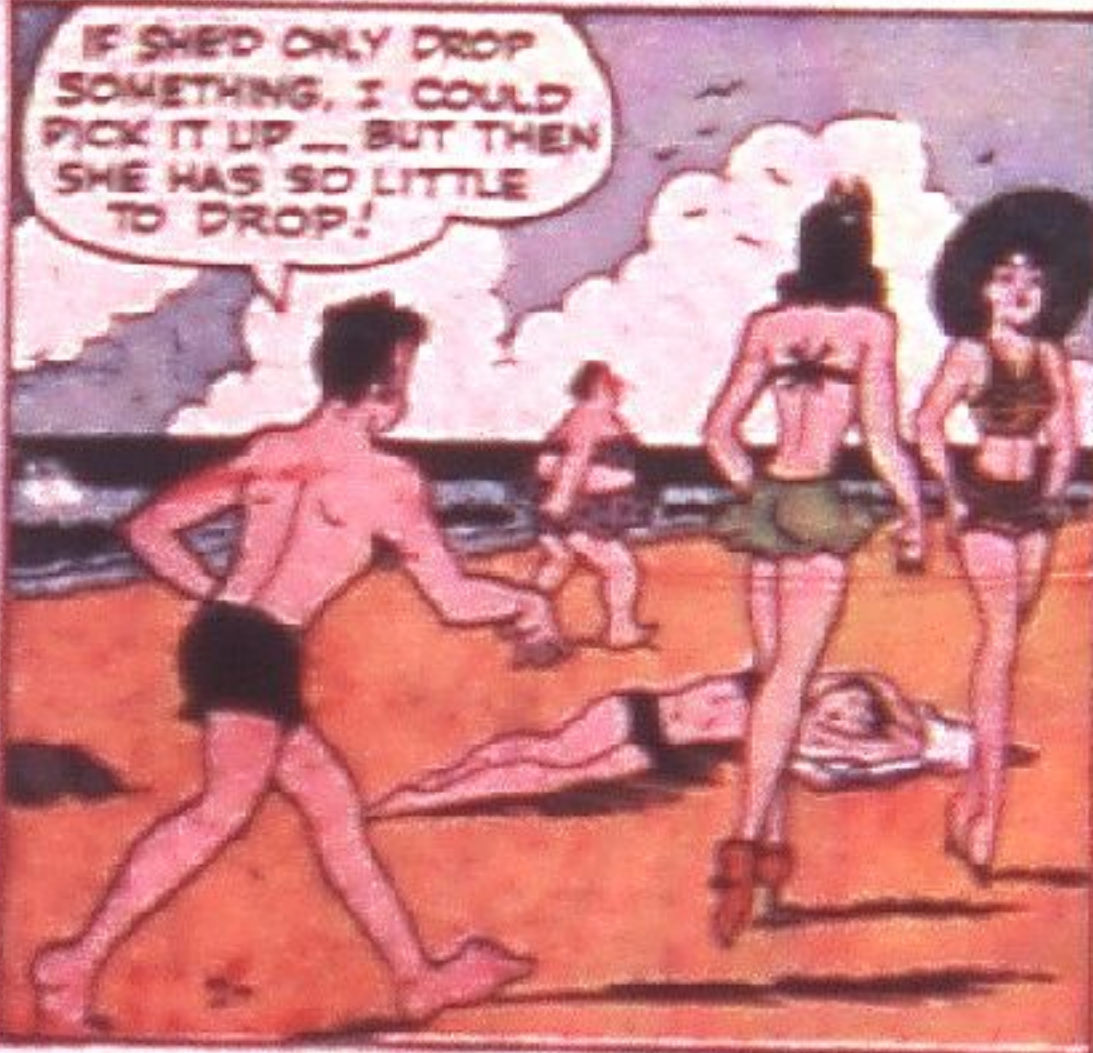
BEEZY

BY DIB

NOW, LET'S
SEE - WHAT
WITTY WAY
COULD I
START UP A
CONVERSATION?

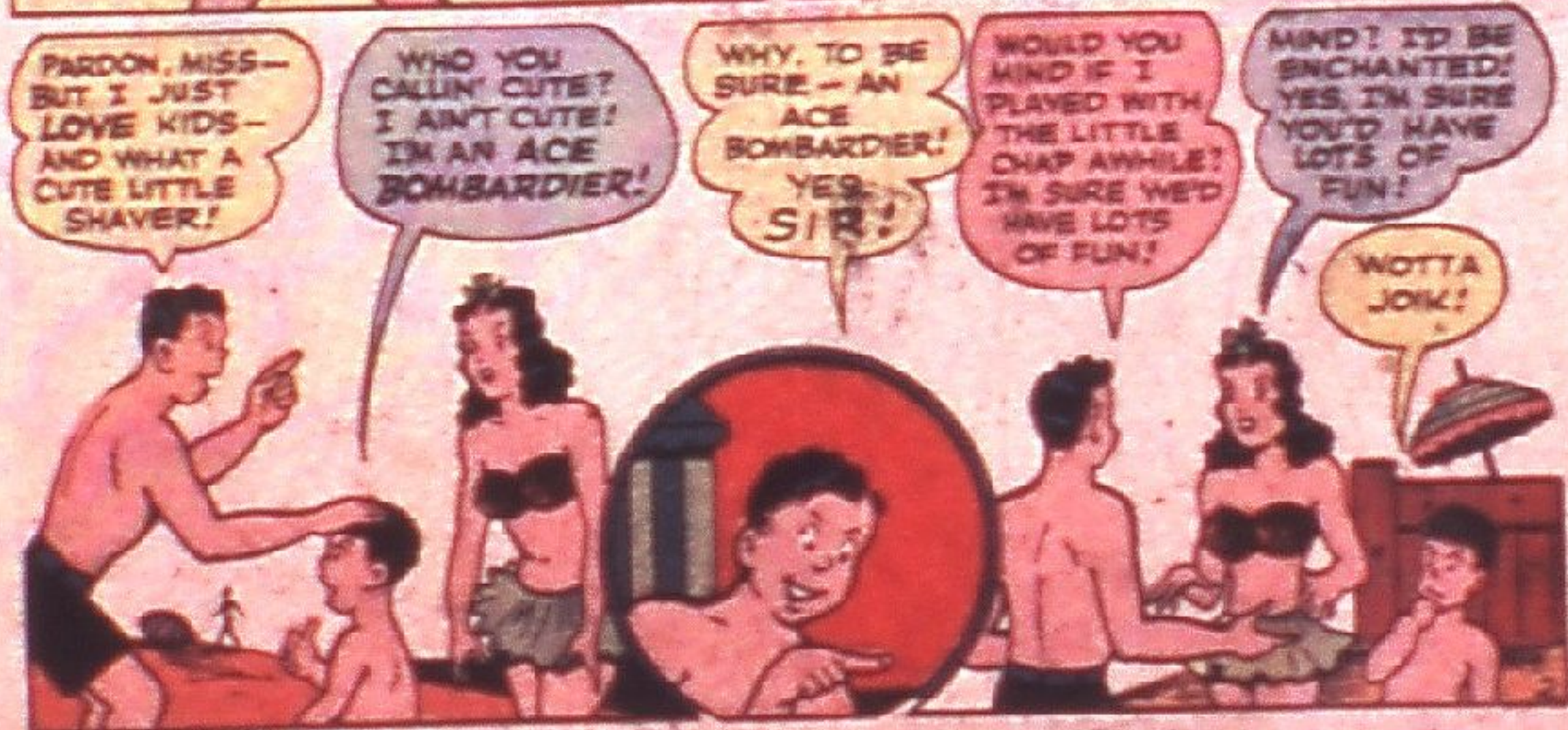
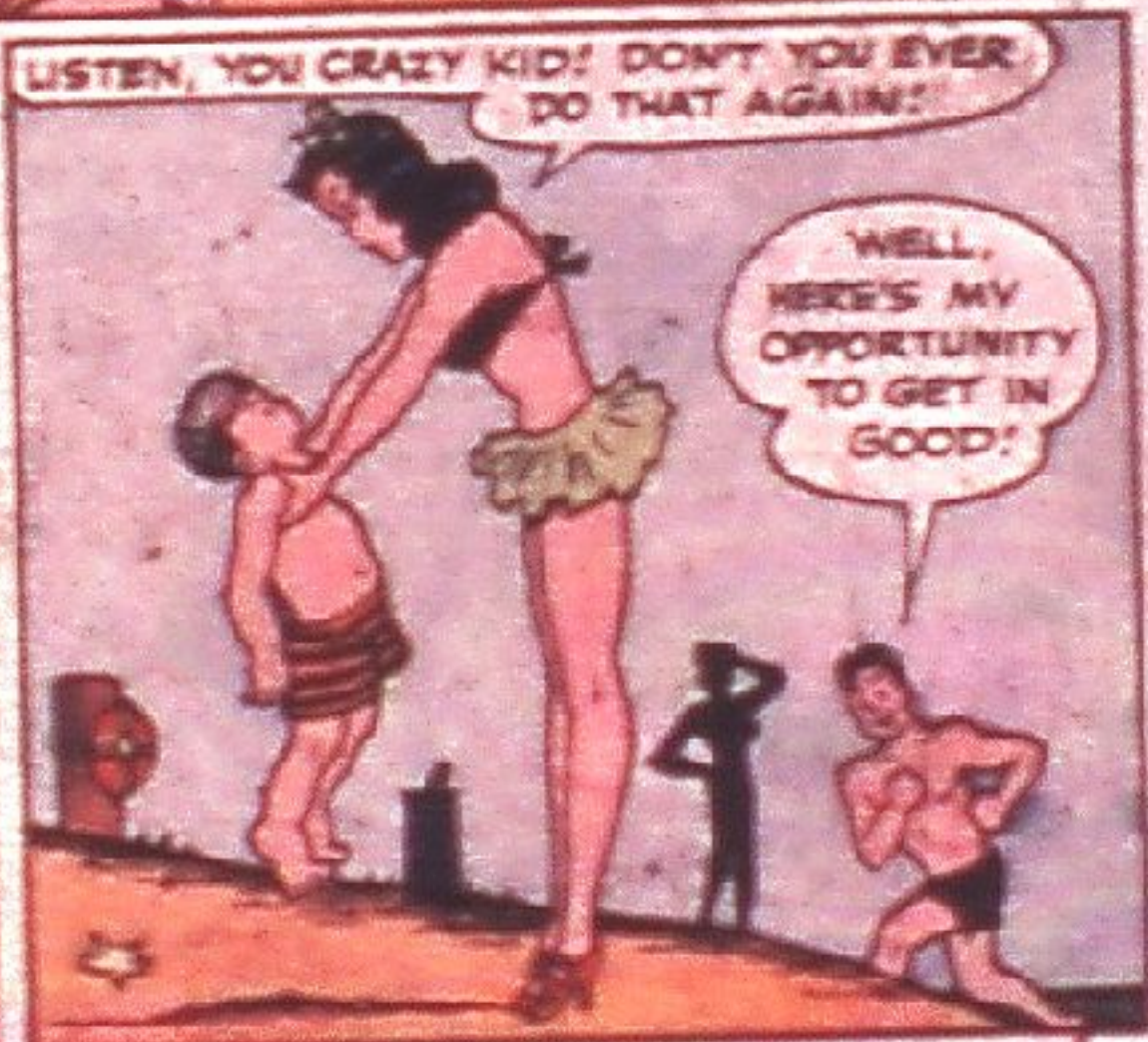
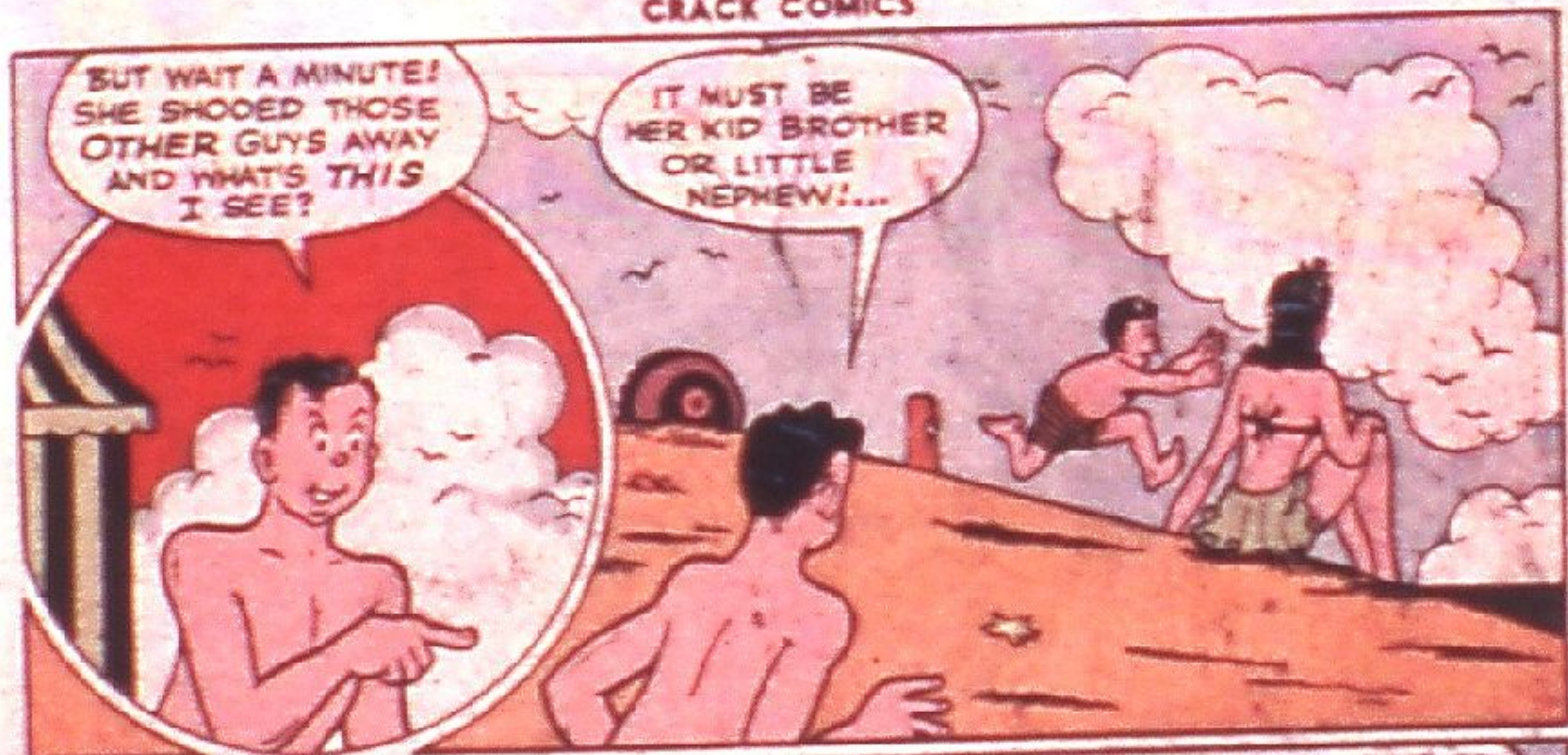


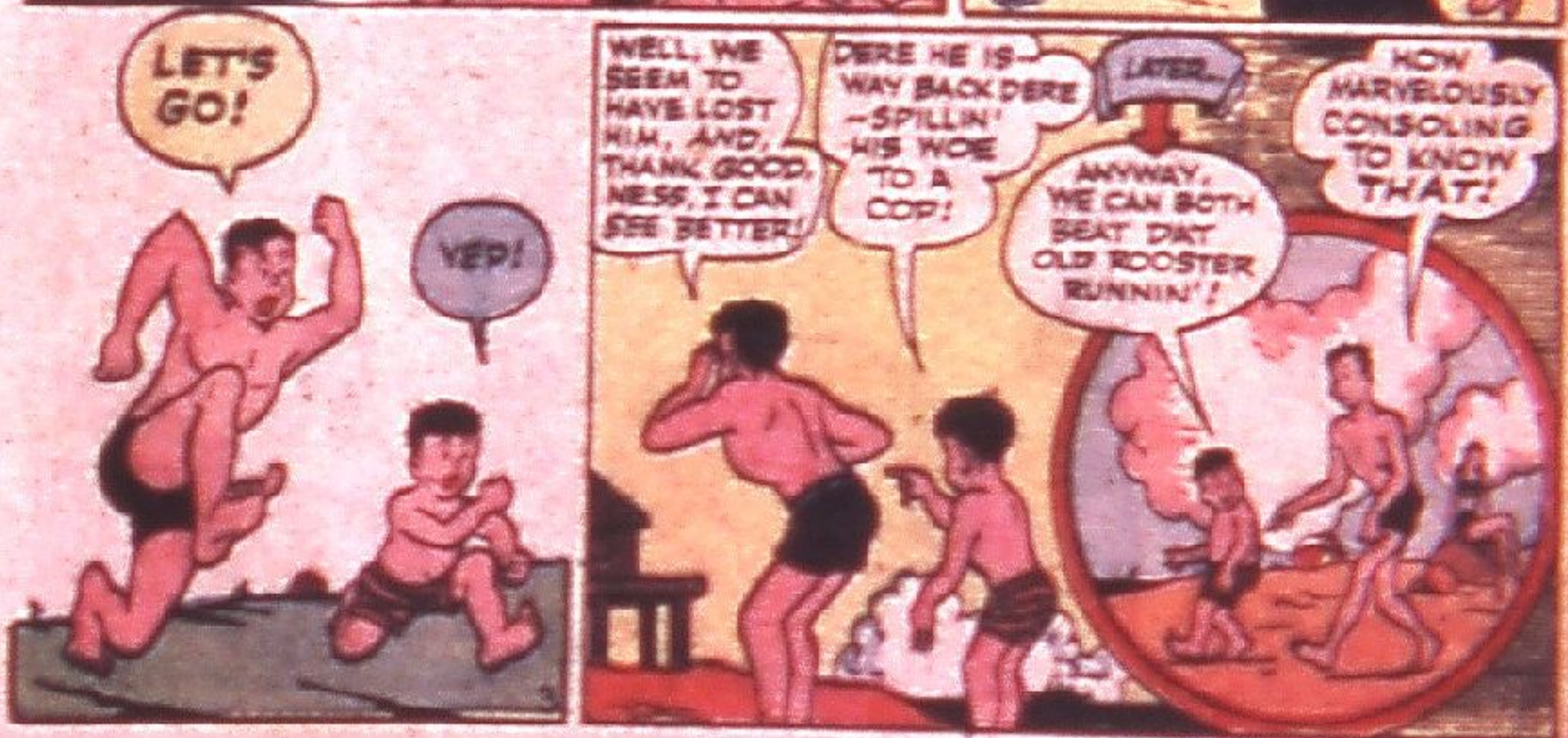
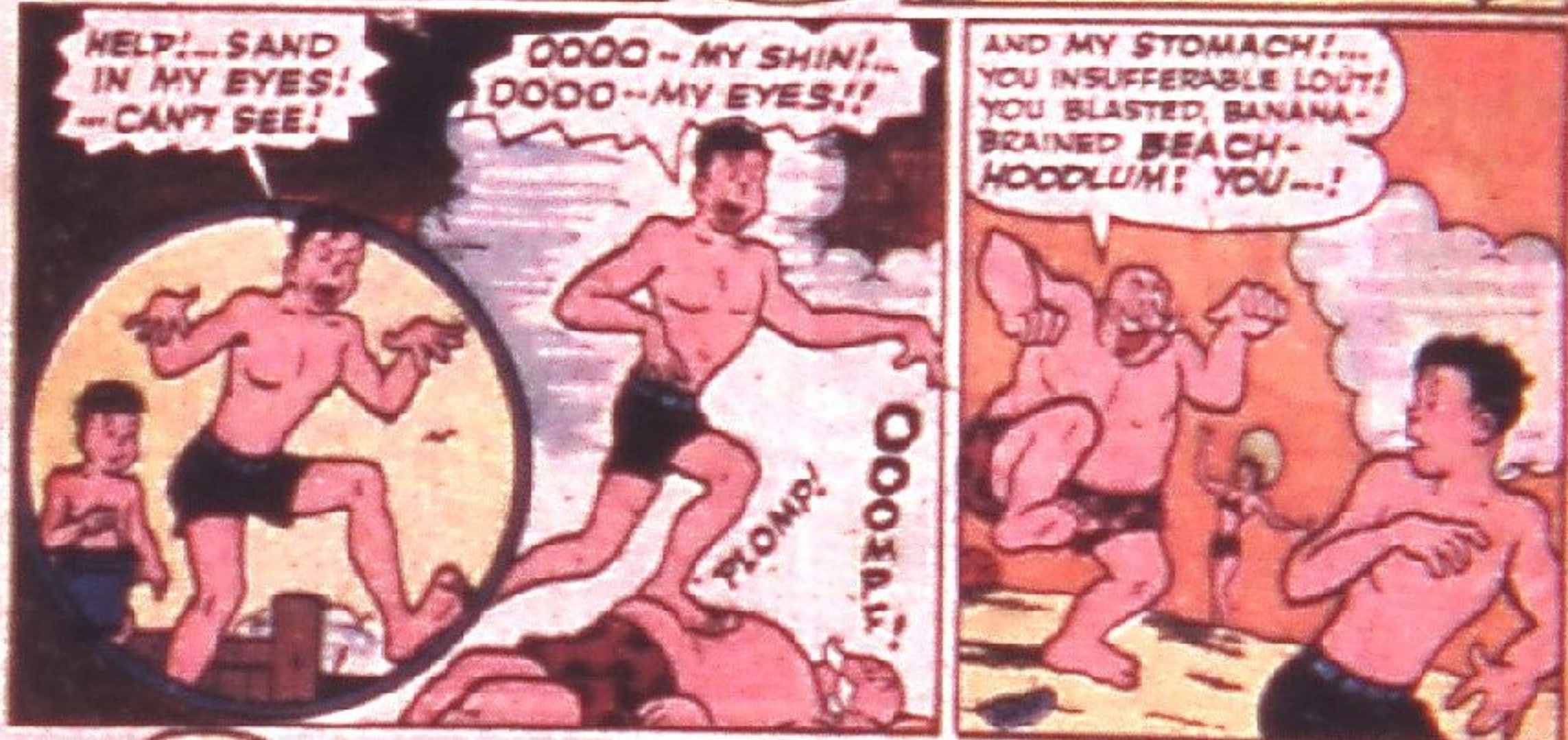
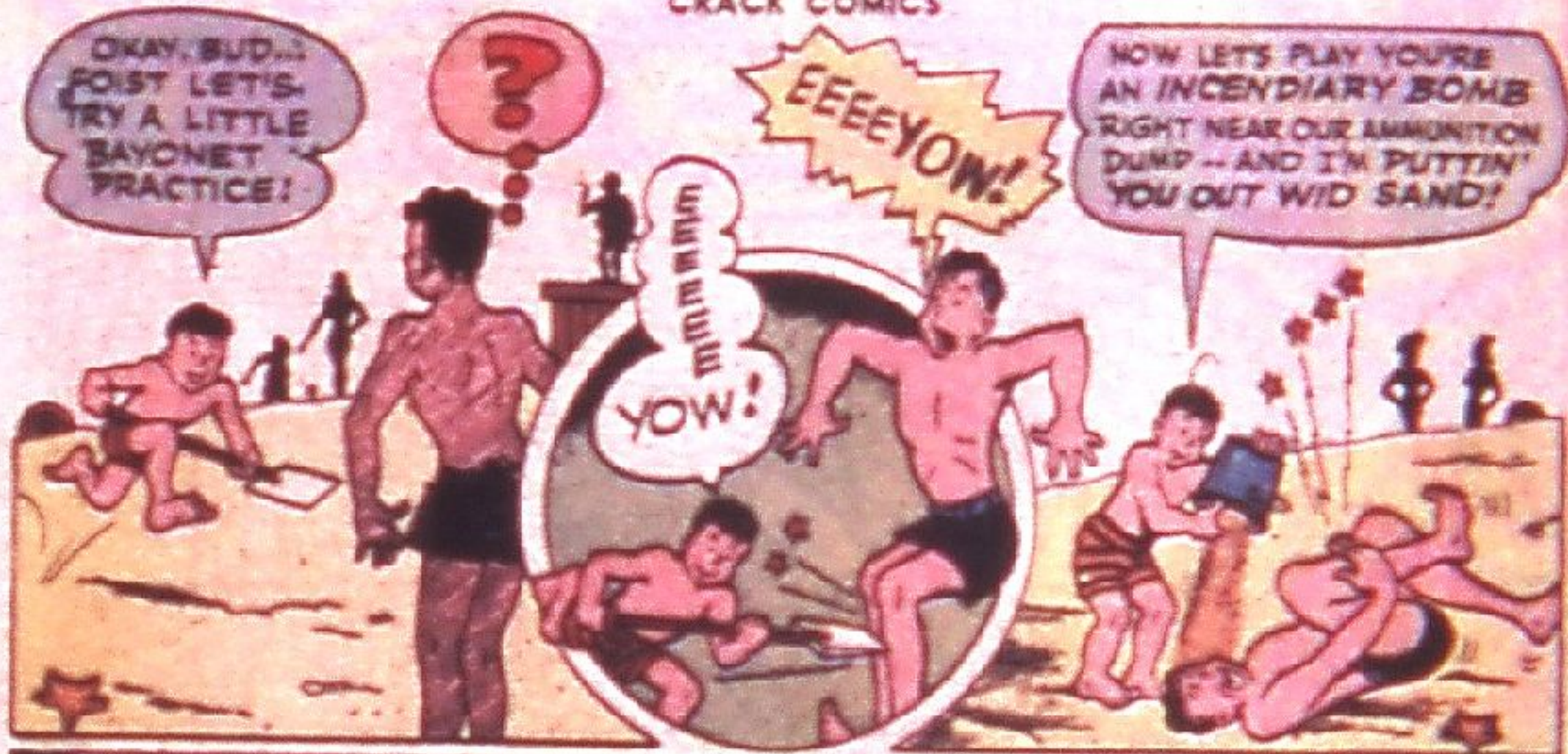
IF SHE'D ONLY DROP
SOMETHING, I COULD
PICK IT UP ... BUT THEN
SHE HAS SO LITTLE
TO DROP!

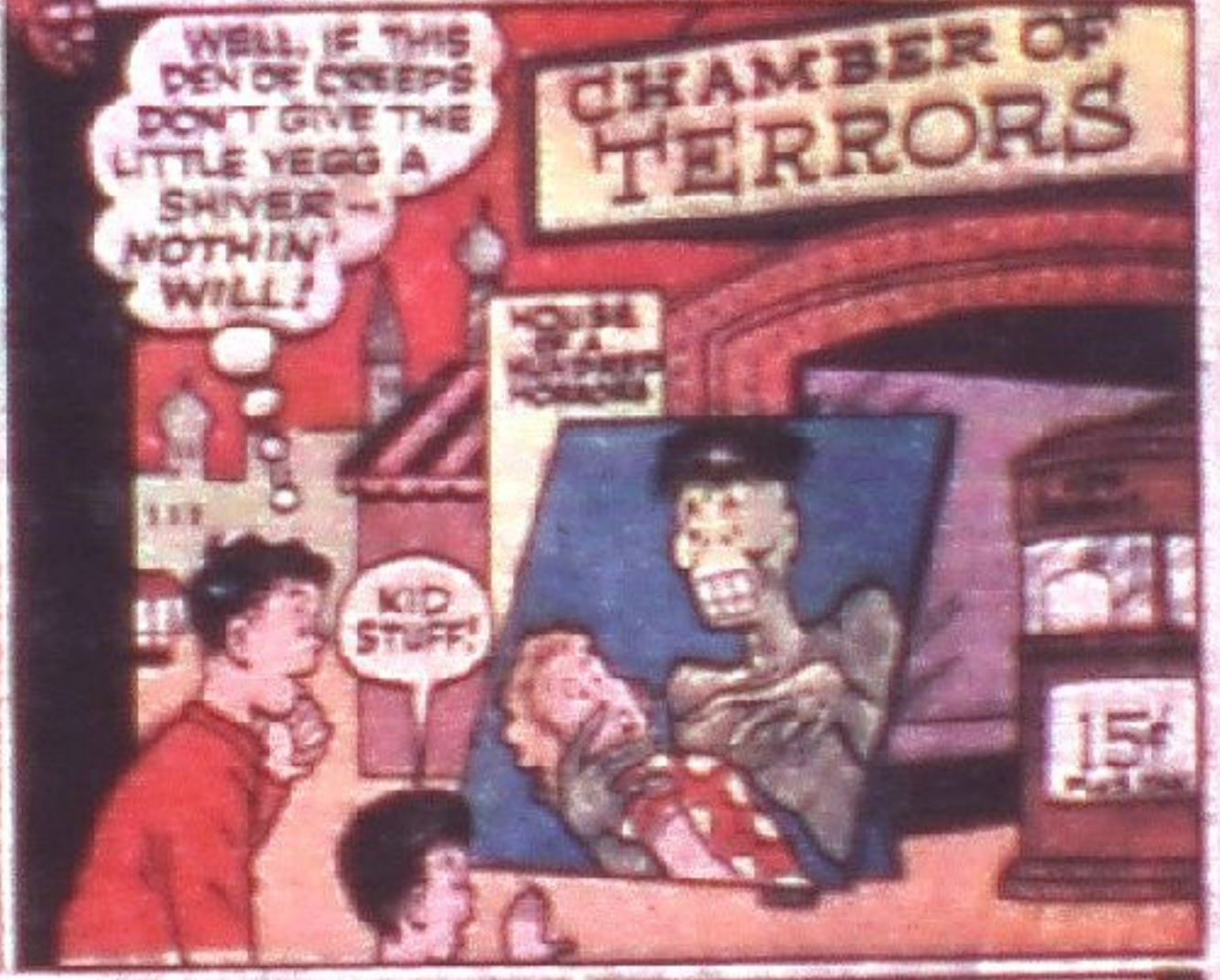


OH - OH!
OTHER
PEOPLE
WITH THE
SAME IDEA,
I SEE!





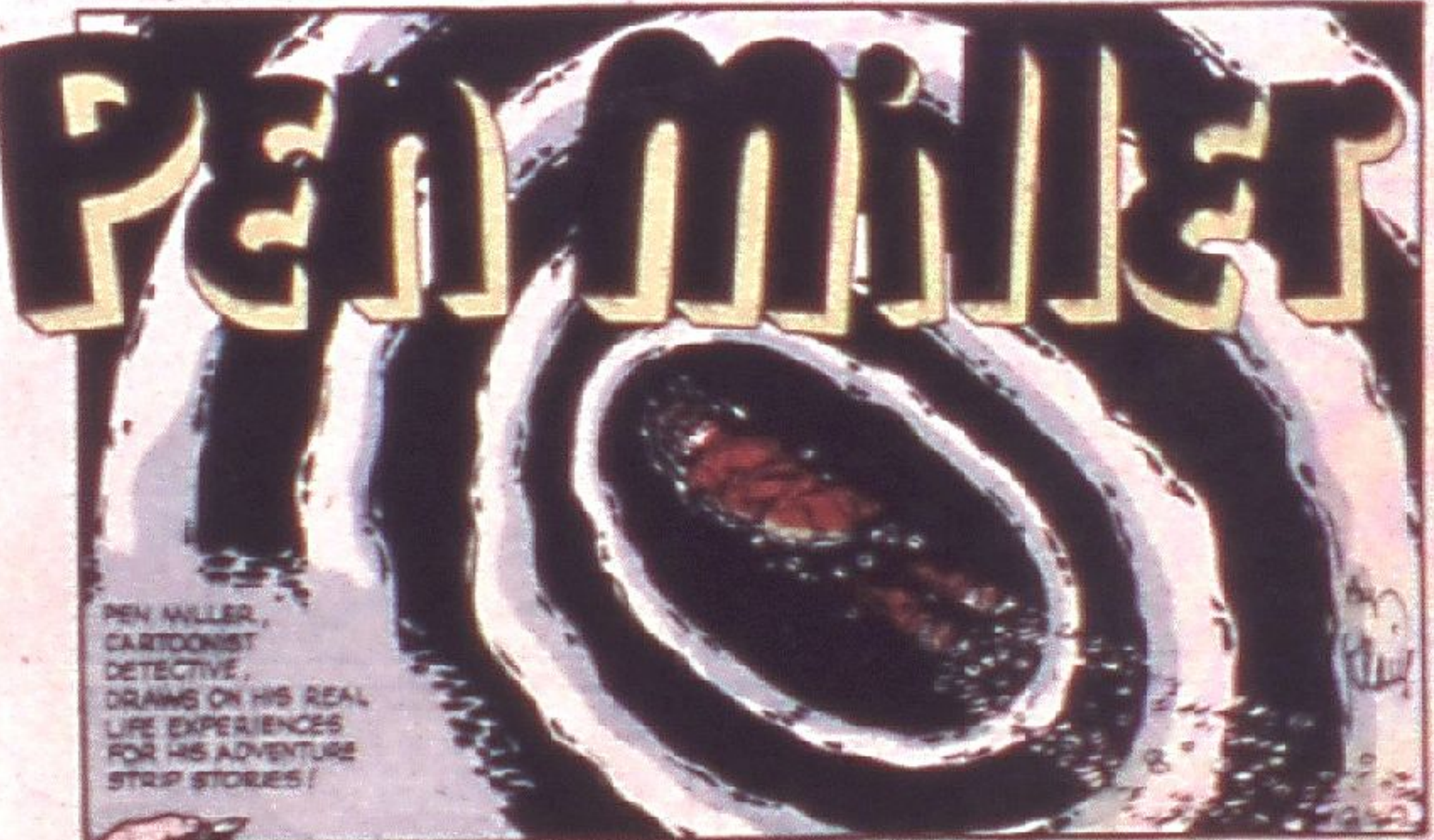












BEN MILLER,
CARTOONIST
DETECTIVE,
DRAWS ON HIS REAL
LIFE EXPERIENCES
FOR HIS ADVENTURE
STRIP STORIES!



THERE'S THE END
OF YOUR STORY, MILLER!
WE WERE CLOSING
IN ON HIM... BUT THE
MOBSTERS GOT HIM
FIRST! WE DRAGGED
ROCKY HENDERS'
BODY OUT OF THE
RIVER TODAY!

FULL OF BULLET
HOLES!



HE'S A BIT WATER-
LOGGED BUT WE
IDENTIFIED HIM
THROUGH HIS
CLOTHES!

HMM...
THAT
REMINDS
ME... MIND
IF I TAKE
ANOTHER
LOOK?



THANKS,
MURPHY,
I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH!

WE COPS LIKE TO KEEP
THE MEMBERS OF THE
PRESS HAPPY, PEN... BUT
DON'T FORGET TO GIVE
THE BOYS A LITTLE
CREDIT FOR THIS JOB
IN YOUR STRIP!

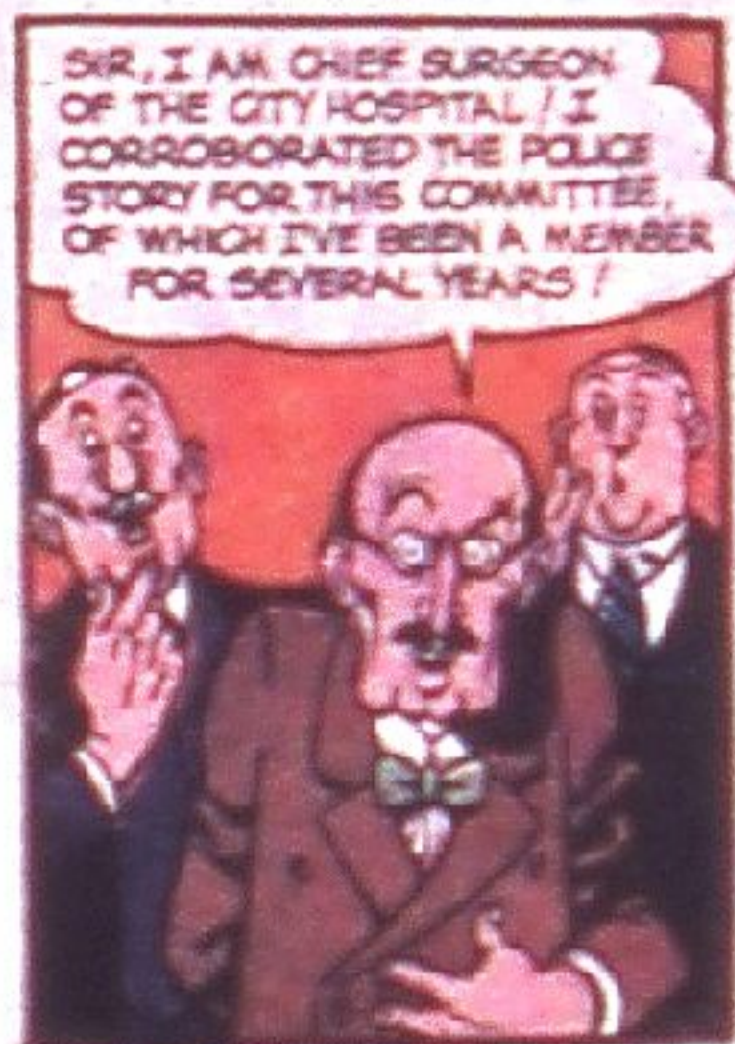


YOU WORK PRETTY LATE, MIST'
MILLER!

BE THROUGH SOON,
CHOP!... THEN I WANT
YOU TO GET THIS DOWN
TO THE OFFICE IN A
HURRY!



CRACK COMICS





I DON'T! AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY PROOF THAT THE BODY IS NOT HENDERS' IS FAR MORE CONVINCING!



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

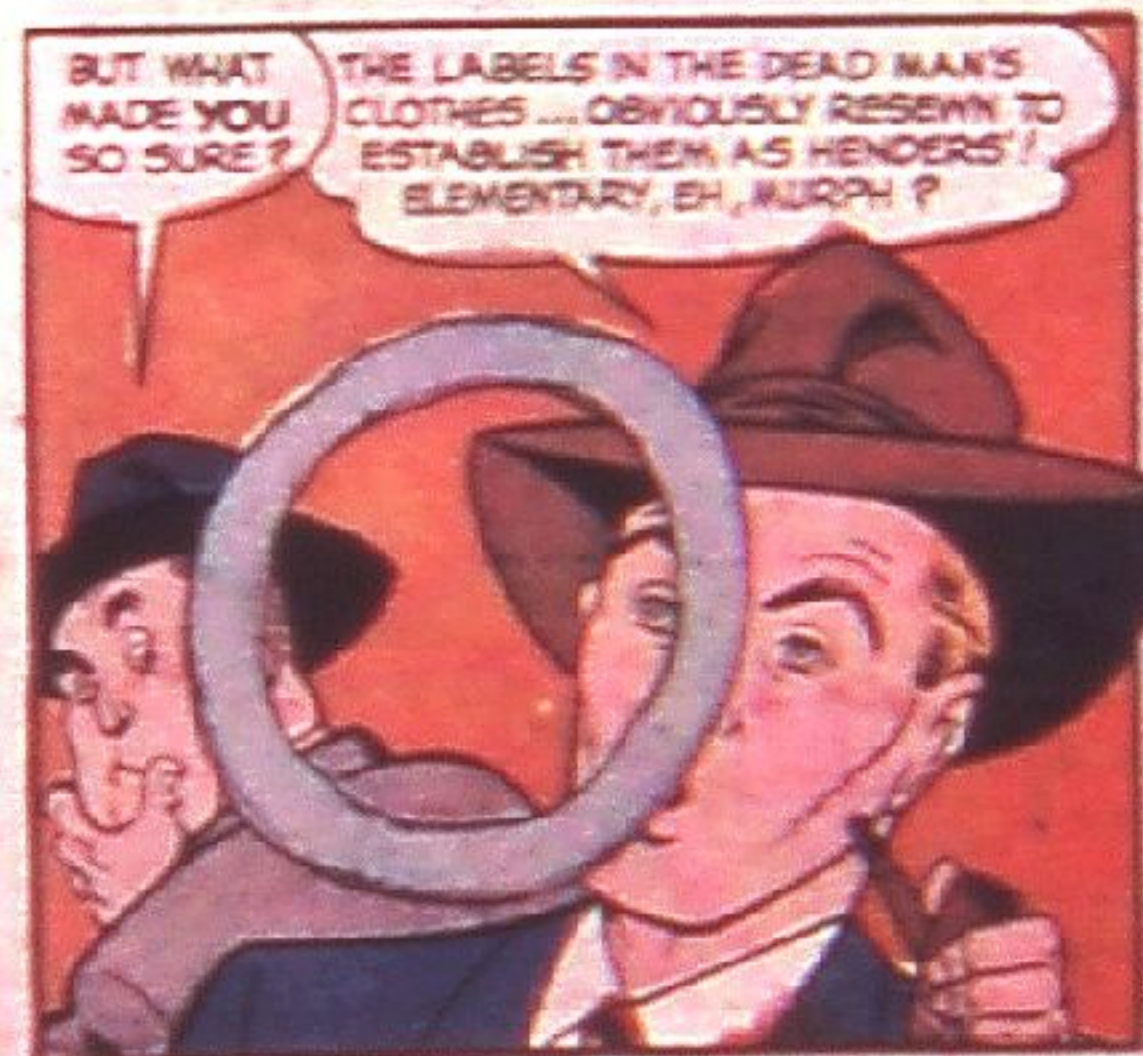
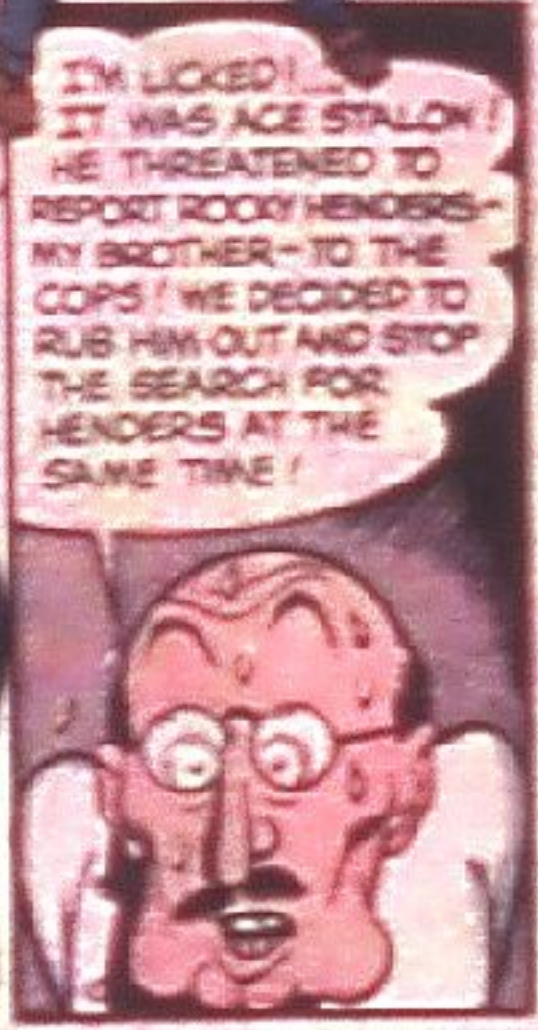
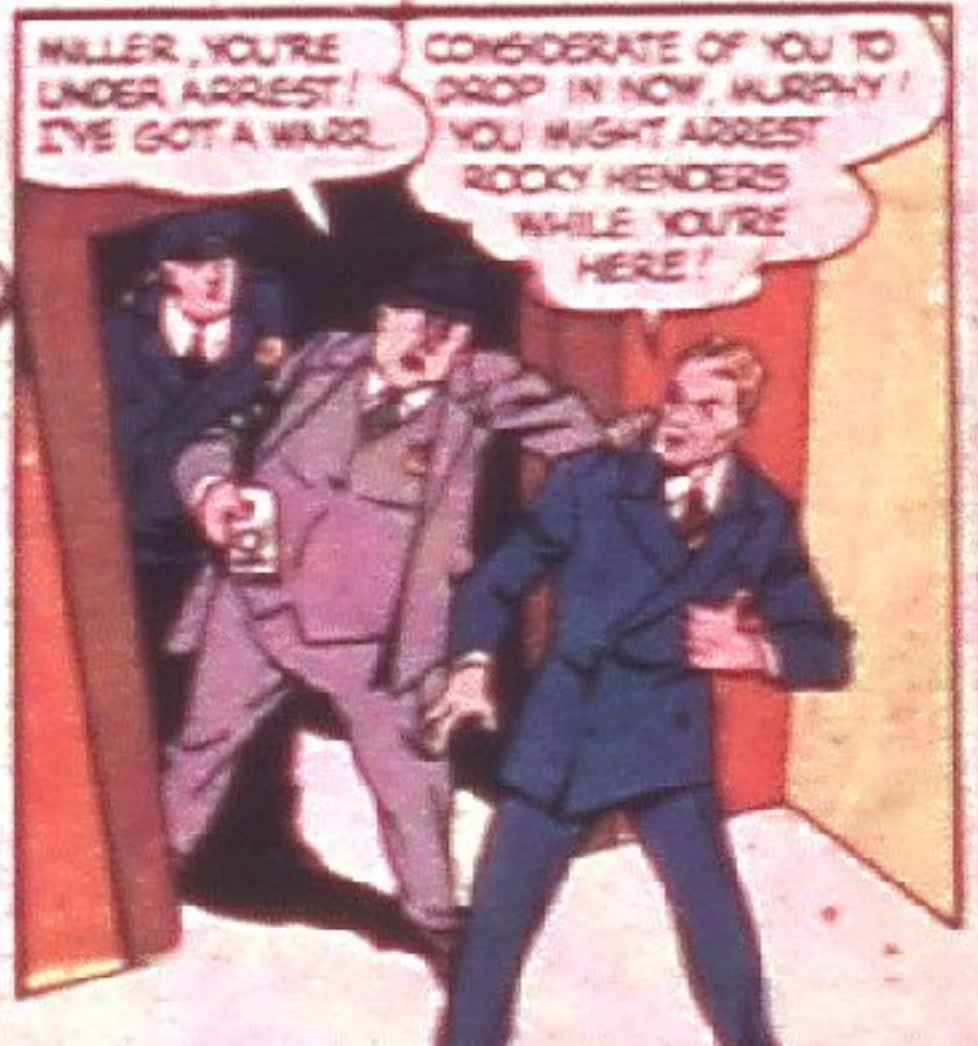


I MUST ADMIT YOU PUT THIS MUCH OVER ON ME!



WHAT A FAMILIAR VOICE YOU HAVE, GRANDMA!





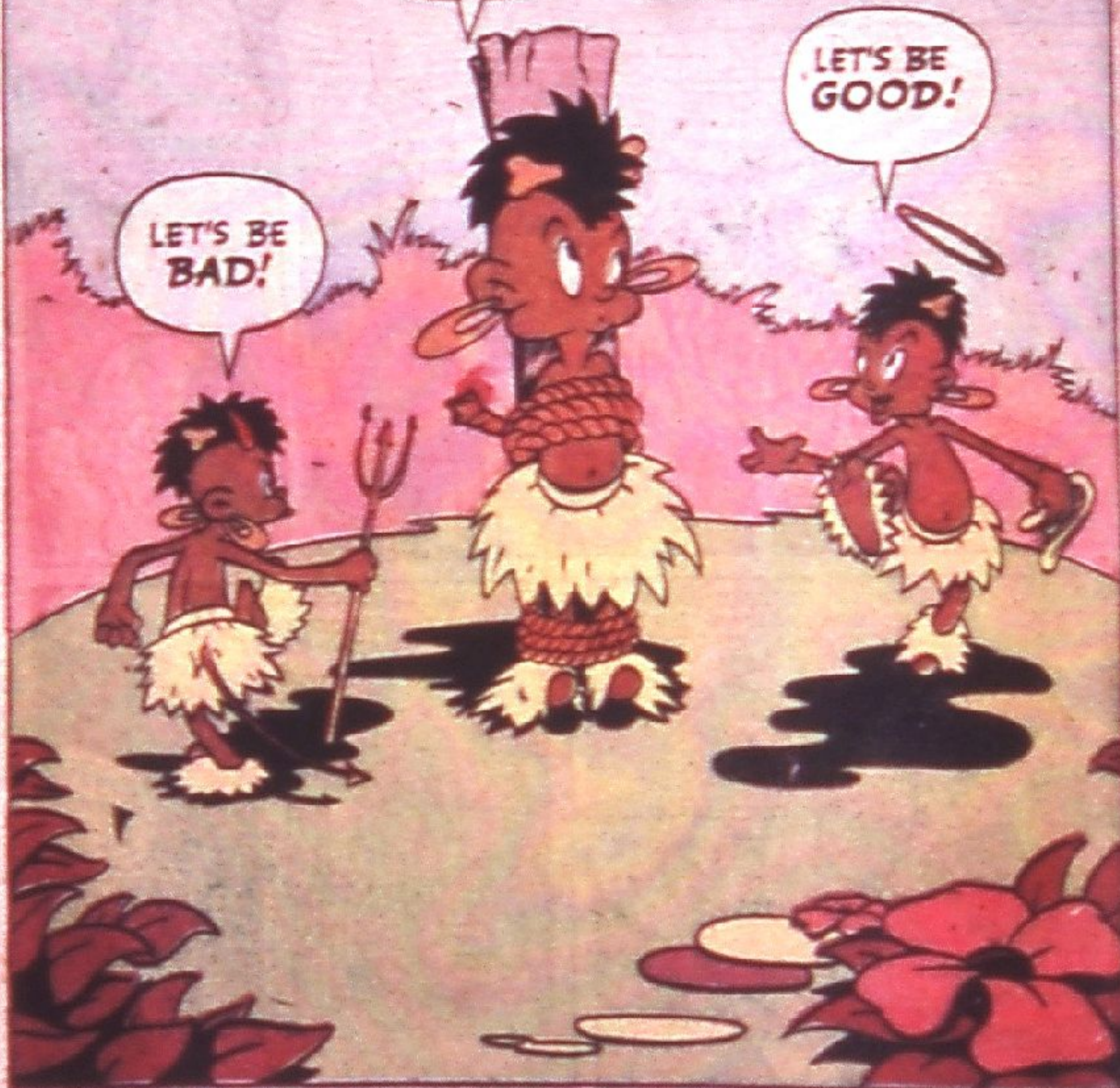
FLOOGY

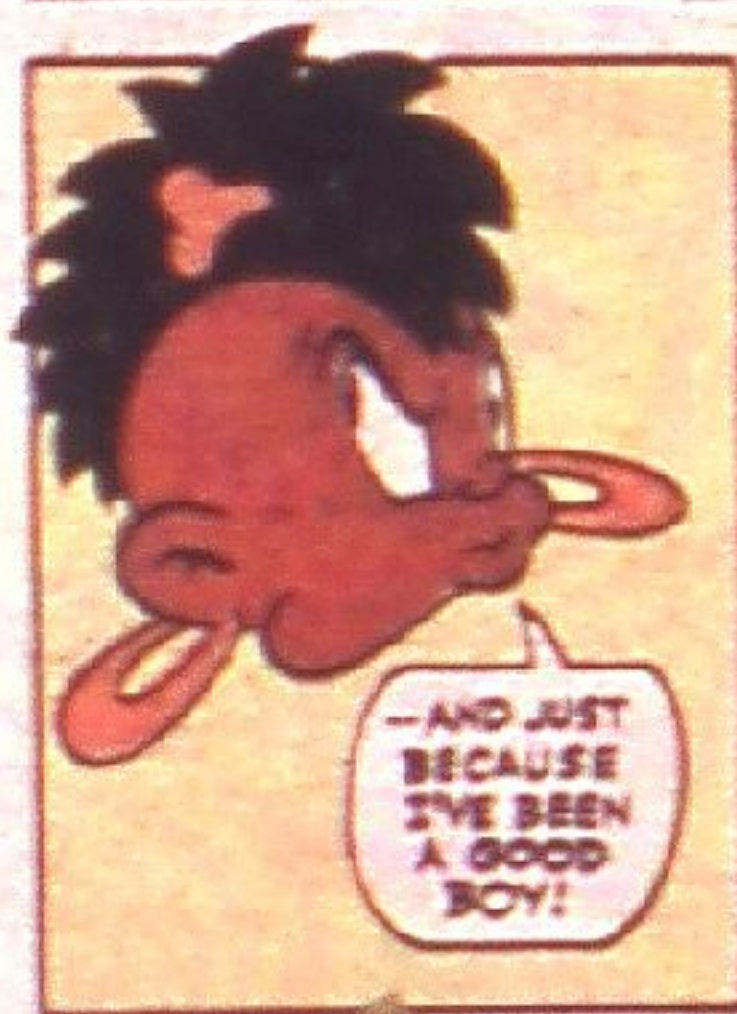
the
FIJI

WHAT'S A
GUY GONNA
DO?

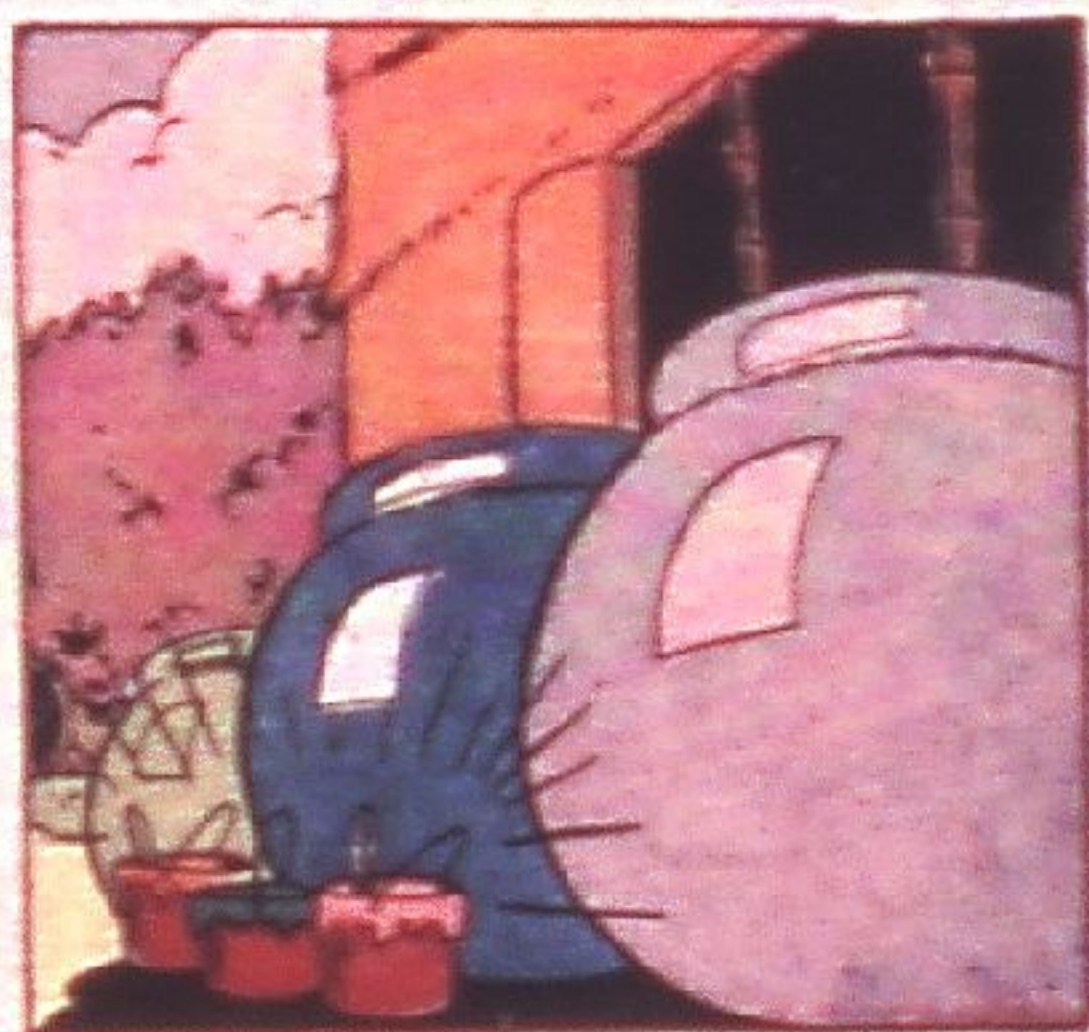
LET'S BE
GOOD!

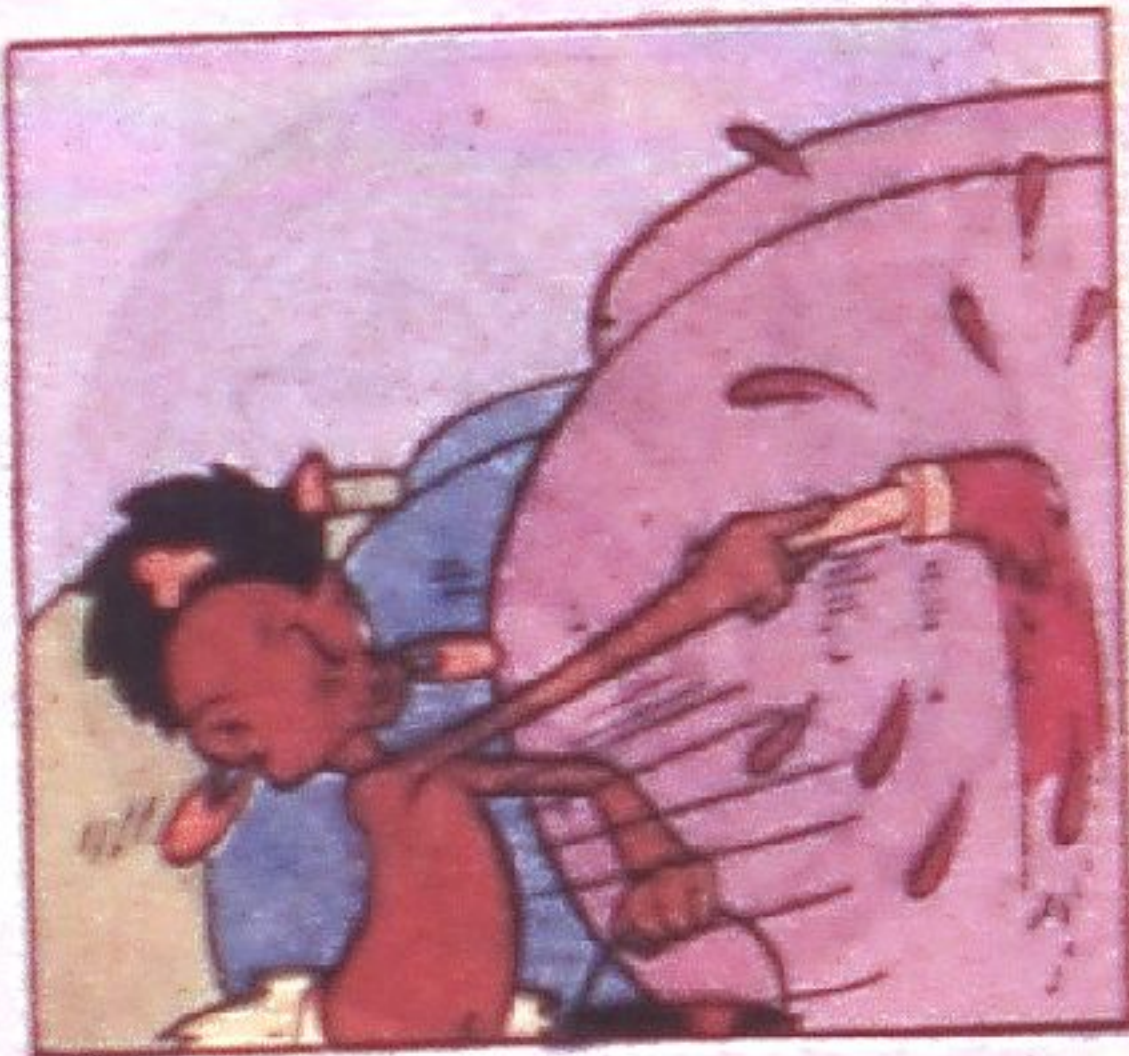
LET'S BE
BAD!



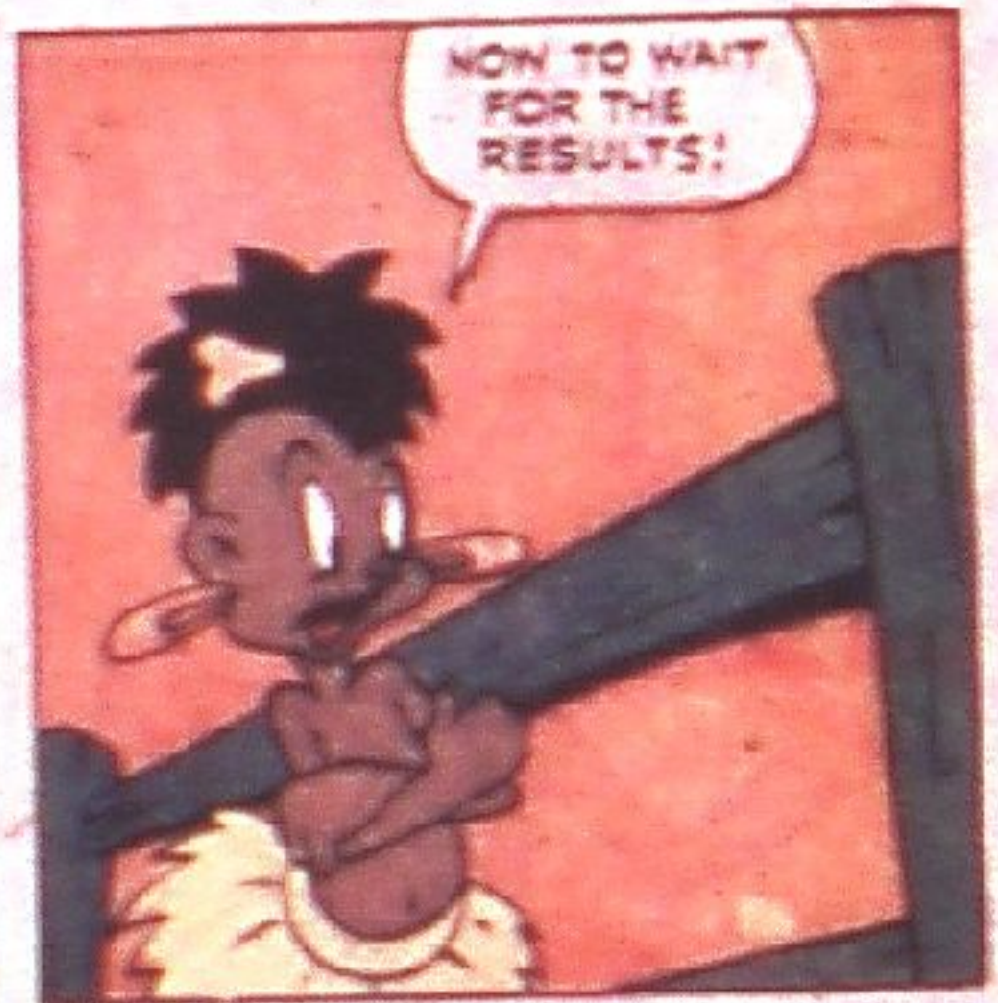


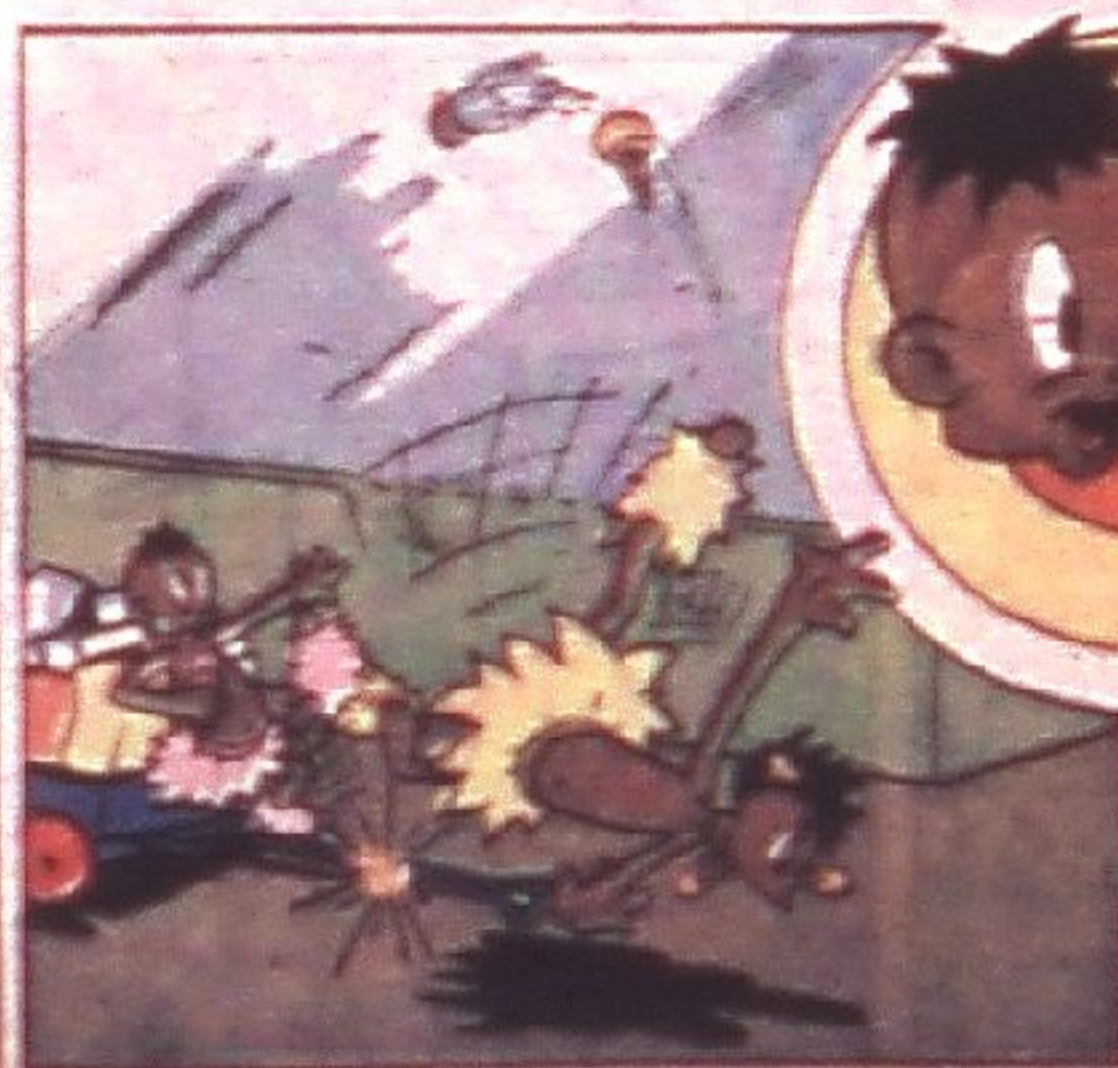






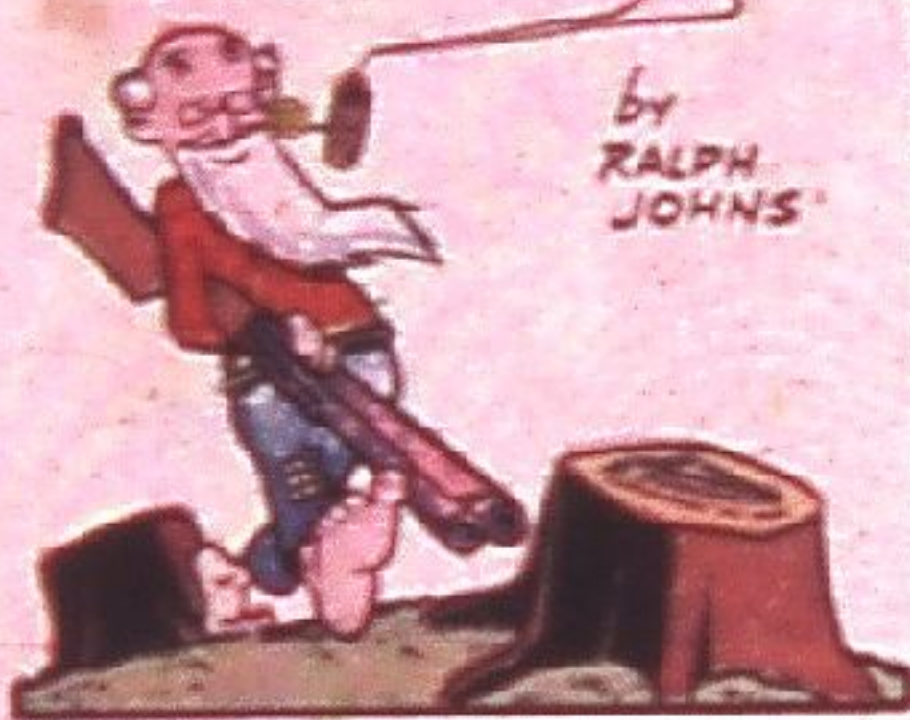






SLAP-HAPPY PAPPY

by
RALPH
JOHNS



HOT DANG!
A FISH...
A BIG
'UN!



THREE HUNNERT
AN SIXTY-FIVE
DAYS A YEAR AN'
YOU HAFTA PICK
TH' ONE I TAKE
MUH BATH
ON!

SHERIFF
JONES!



SORRY, SHERIFF—
BUT IT'S YORE
SCALEY SKIN!
AH THOUGHT
YUH WUZ A
FISH!

AHAHAHA!
VIOLATIN' TH'
LAW! PAPPY, YORE
UNDER ARREST!
SEE WHUT THET
SIGN SEZ?



HUH!...AH
BET TH' OLE
COOT'S
BLUFFIN'!



SURE, SHERIFF,
IT SEZ. PLAINLY,
NO SWIMMIN'!

WHUT?



YUH
SHURE
?

POSITIVE!...
WHICH MEANS
YUH GOTTA
ARREST
YOSELF
FOR BREAKIN'
THE LAW!



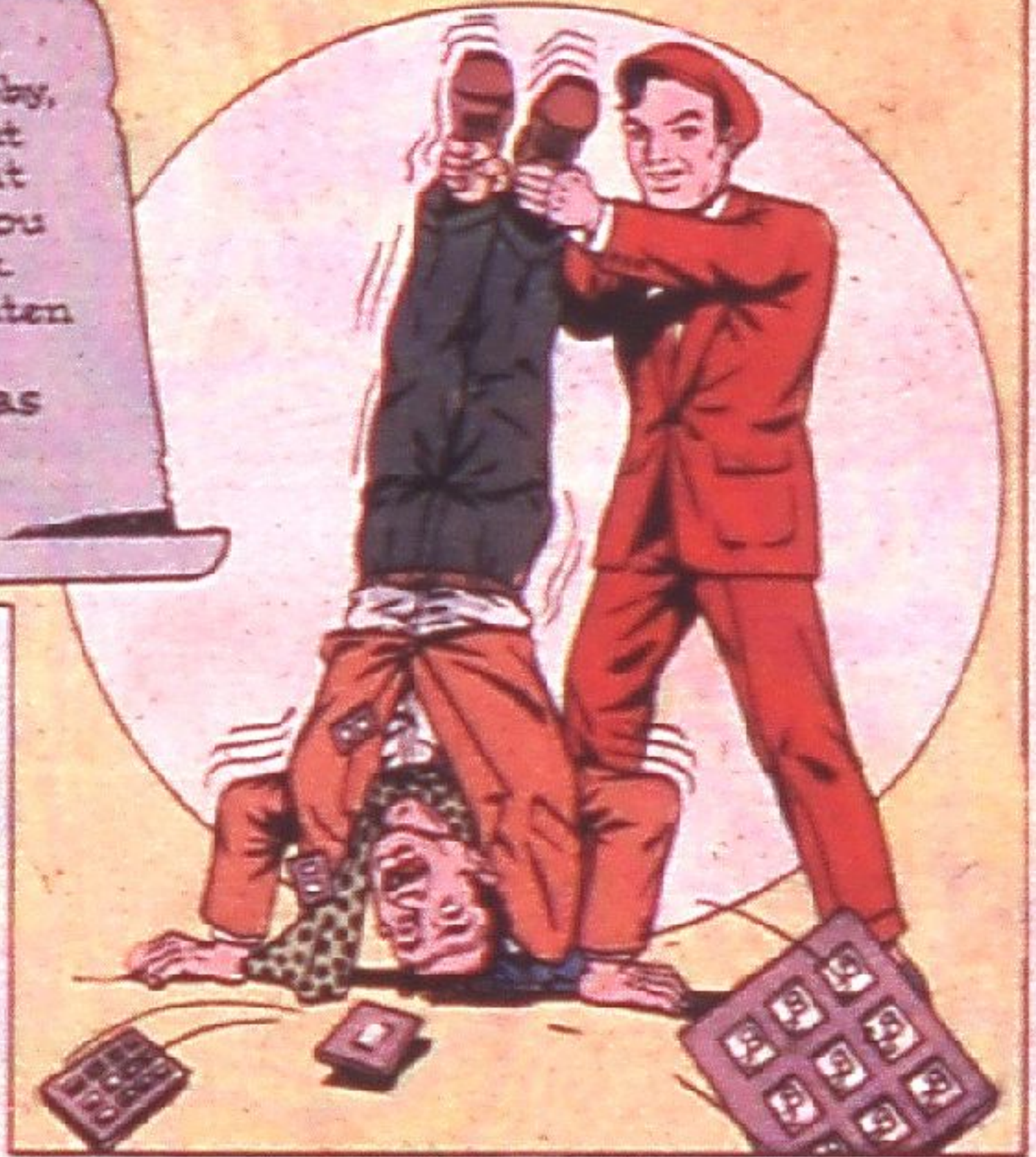
HOW WUZ
AH T' KNOW
HE CUD
READ?



HACK O'HARA

by
VERNON
HENDEL

HACK O'HARA, New York's toughest cabby, doesn't mean to hunt trouble.... But what would you do if you saw a hunchback suddenly straighten up and run -- and then claim you as his victim?



THAT'S SIX BITS
EVEN, MISTER!



HERE YOU
ARE, CABBY--
AND A
TIP!

POOR
DEVIL! THAT'S
TOUGH!



WHAT AM I SAYING? IF
ANYBODY WANTS TO KNOW
WHAT'S TOUGH--LET HIM
TRY DRIVING A HACK IN
THIS TOWN FOR A WHILE!



A couple of hours later...

BUSINESS IS PICKING UP! THERE'S ANOTHER FARE ... EEEEEOW!!



IT'S THE SAME HUNCHBACK— WITHOUT THE HUNCH! THERE'S SUMP'N PHONY ABOUT THIS BUT I'D BETTER KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!



ER—DRIVE ME TO 1210 HAMPTON LANE!

Y-YES, SIR!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME AS THE SAME GUY!



GO AHEAD, DRIVER!... PULL RIGHT INTO THAT OPEN GARAGE AT THE REAR!

HUH?

LOOK—IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, MISTER, I'LL DROP YOU HERE IN FRONT! I DON'T LIKE OPEN GARAGES!



SORRY, OHARA—IT ISN'T ALL THE SAME TO ME! DRIVE INTO THAT GARAGE—AND NO SQUAWKING OR I'LL BLOW BRAINS INTO YOUR SKULL!

WHY DO THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?



IT WAS YOUR TOUGH LUCK, PICKING ME UP THE SECOND TIME! —WITH THE REP YOU GOT FOR NOSING INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS...

BUT I'M TELLING YOU, MISTER—I'VE REFORMED! I DRIVE MY HACK AND MIND MY OWN BUSINESS...



YOU SURE DO, PAL—FROM NOW ON!

OOOOOFF!



CRACK COMICS

SWEET DREAMS, O'HARA! A LITTLE CARBON DIOXIDE FROM THE EXHAUST AND I GUARANTEE YOU WON'T NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS, O'HUM!



TONIGHT I'LL RUN THE CAB OUT IN THE PARK AND LEAVE IT! THE COPS'LL FIGURE O'HARA BUMPED HIMSELF OFF!



Suddenly...

OOOOO, MY NOGGIN! COUGH-COUGH!—WHAT TH...?? OH—I GET IT!—MONOXIDE!!



GOT THE (COUGH) MOTOR SHUT OFF—BUT GOTTA—HAVE—AIR!—DOOR'S—LOCKED!!



WHOOO-OO! THAT'S BETTER!



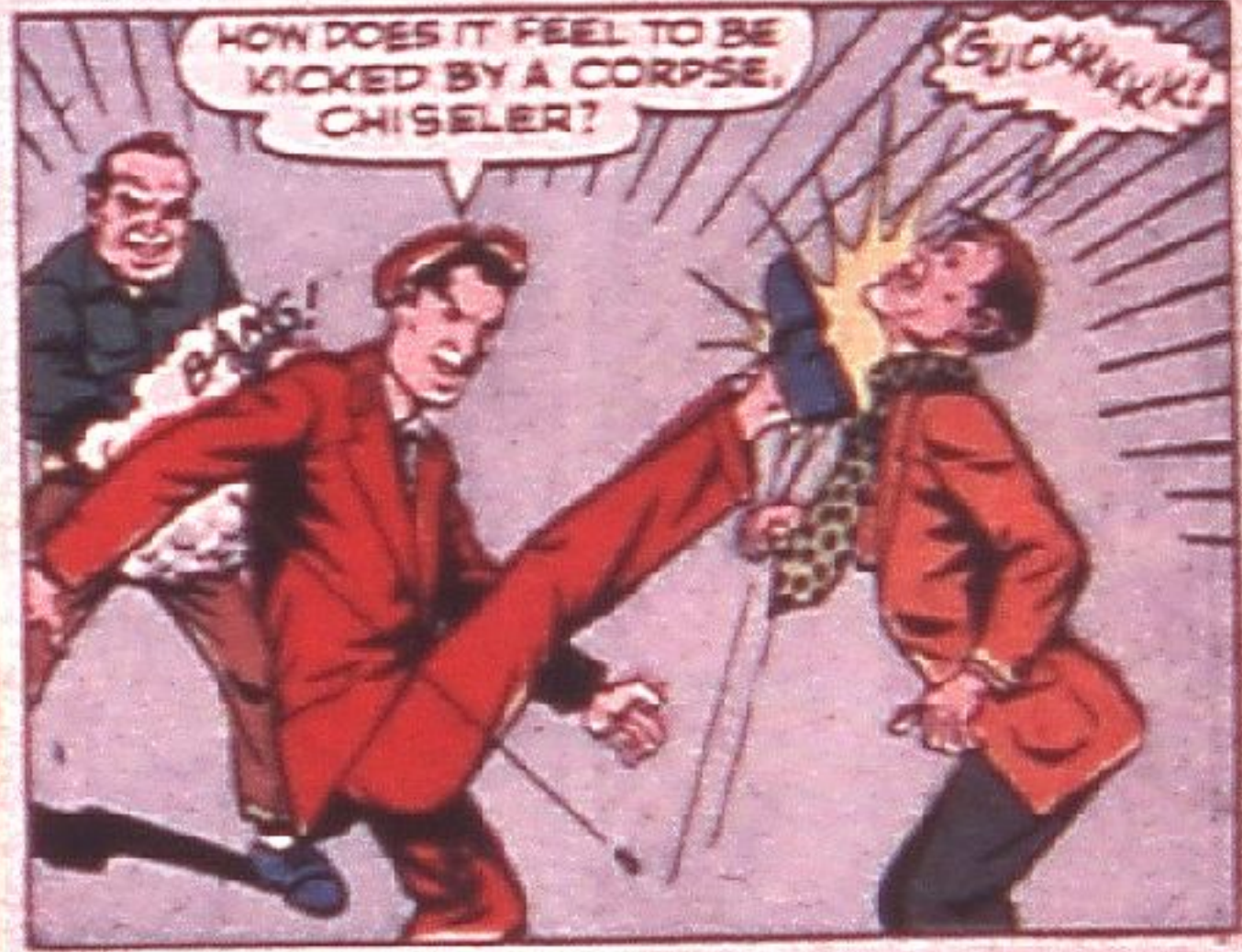
THAT FATHEAD OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN TO SLUG A GUY WHEN HE'S GOT HIS CAP ON! THIS REPORT BOOK CUSHIONED THE PUNCH—OR I'D BE A GONER FOR SURE!



I WANT OUT OF HERE AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET OUT! SO—









MOLLY THE MODEL



NO! I'LL BE DARNED IF I WILL!

TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN A SUCKER FOR TOUCHING EVERY WET PAINT SIGN I SEE!

THIS MARKS THE DAWN OF A NEW MALONEY - A MALONEY OF IRON WILL AND CHARACTER!

A MAN WHO CAN LOOK A WET PAINT SIGN RIGHT IN THE FACE -

- AND NEVER TOUCH IT AT ALL - THAT'S WHAT!

A MAN WHO LOOKS OUT FOR HIMSELF EVERY SINGLE SECOND!

ALERT ALWAYS -

THAT'S ME!

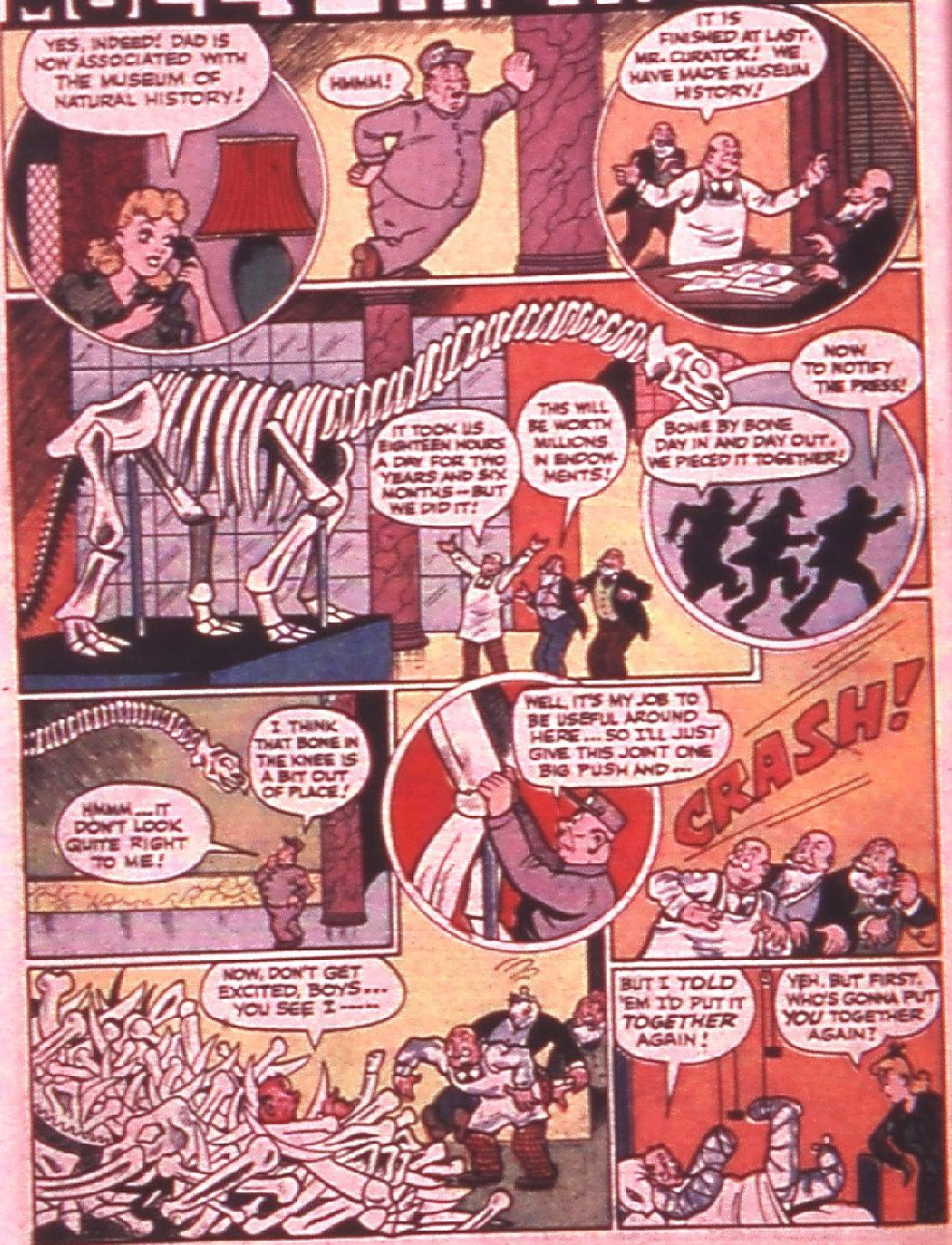
- YES - A MAN TO WHOM SIGNS MEAN AB-SO-LUTE-LY NOTHING!

WHY, YOU - BLITHERING IDIOT!!

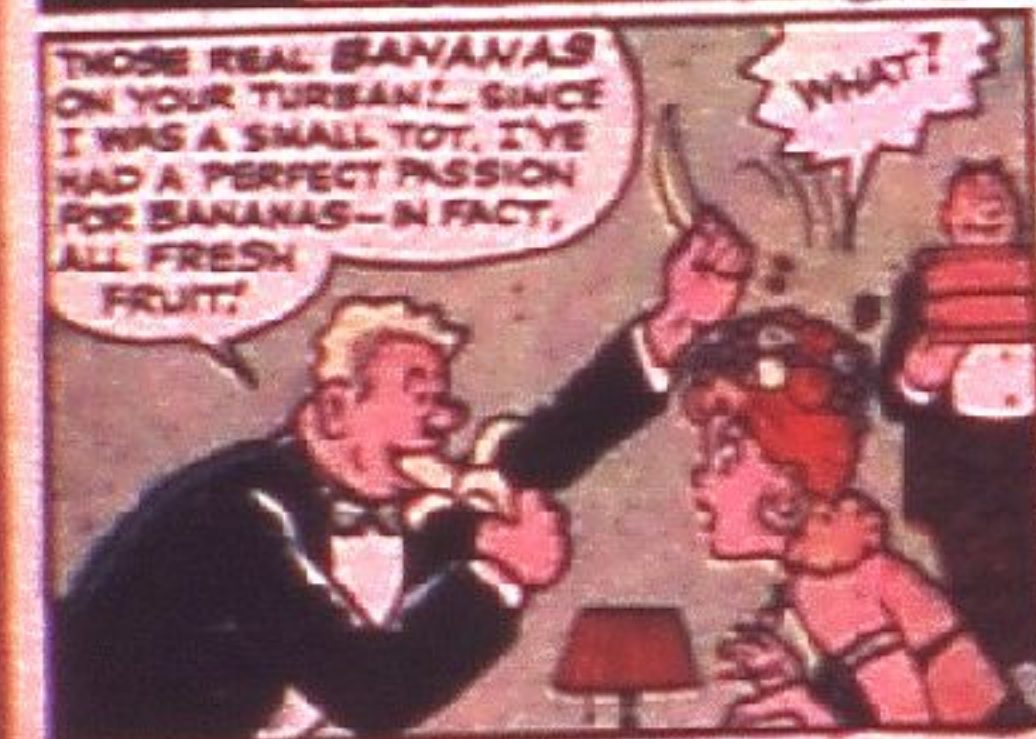
CAN'T YOU READ SIGNS?

OH - FOR NIKE'S SAKE!

MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL



The SHEIK GOT STUNG

THE caravan crept, snakelike, across the hot sands just at sunset. Camels, horses and men, all of them carried vast stores of ammunition and guns. For this was the caravan of the Seres Hammid El Bey, of whose dashing forays into the great valleys you may have heard.

Hammid El Bey was the notorious slaver whose escapades had terrorized the natives of the region for years. Both the English and French had tried to stop him but without any marked success. The Bey always gave them the slip whenever they tried traps. His men were all trained fighters, and Hammid El Bey himself was a learned man and a crafty one.

The English government had posted a reward of ten thousand pounds for his capture, and many men hunted the old fox, but few ever came back. The great desert swallowed them up.

Eric Vale heard of Hammid El Bey when he arrived in Algiers. The tale intrigued his sense of adventure.

"I'm going to get Hammid if I have to scour the entire African terrain," he told Major Greeky of His Majesty's African Horse one evening. "Why, he's no more clever than some of our own past American outlaws. They thrived for a time, but always 'bit the dust', as the saying goes. I'll get Hammid, Major!"

The major smiled indulgently. "Hammid is not like the average outlaw. He's a clever, dangerous man. We're not asleep here by any means, but we've never had any luck running Hammid to his lair."

Eric laughed. "Maybe it sounds like Yankee bragging, Major, but I'm still going to land your fish for you. Give me

a month and I'll hand you Hammid El Bey all tied up in a package!"

The major stuck out his hand. "It's a go then. What do you need in the way of supplies and men?"

Eric gave him a list. Then he rose to depart.

"I'll be starting at dawn, Major," he said.

"Good." They shook hands again.

The desert stretched from horizon to horizon. Endless, seemingly with no beginning or ending, the vast expanse of sand lay like a yellow sea. Devoid of life it looked at first glance, but it is far from lifeless! Every grain of sand is a minute world in itself. And every acre of sand has its teeming population, be it animal or vegetable.

Most important—and deadly—man lives there, in the eternal silence and heat and monotony. Man, savage and cruel, makes that great immensity his home.

Hammid El Bey lives there! Ah, that brings a momentary shiver! And well it may. Hammid El Bey is not one to be lightly pushed aside. A worthy adversary is the desert chief, pillager of native towns, wanton murderer, stealer of men and women. Beware, Traveler!

Hammid El Bey sat on silken cushions within his camel hair tent. Soft stringed instruments played somewhere. A smoking tripod sat on a taboret in front of him. He held a long jeweled cigarette holder daintily in one hand. The other he lifted imperiously to the blue-black boy who waved a peacock feather fan. It was hot in the tent.

A burnoused man entered and saluted.

"O King, all is arranged. This night we may proceed on the mission."

Hammid nodded. "It is well. Allah bless your household and give you and your many children food and drink. Now go, Suleim."

Suleim departed with another salute. And Hammid regarded the end of his cigarette thoughtfully. There would be many slaves to pluck where they were raiding this night. Many slaves meant many golden dollars. Hammid had a large collection of them against the time when he would hand over the rein to his lieutenant.

Hammid El Bey was happy.

Eric Vale was not happy. He had spent a sweltering night. The mosquitoes had bitten him raw. His eyes were swollen. The water was gritty with sand and hot in the bargain.

It was a relatively small party that made up Eric's caravan. Twenty native Sikhs, excellent soldiers, and a dozen carriers. Not much of an army to hurl against the greatest fighters in the desert.

They were camped several miles from the village where the Bey was expected to make his attack. It had been tipped off to Eric by one of the villagers who managed to get inside information through one of the Bey's traitors.

Eric had no clear idea of what he intended doing to halt the raid. He was few against many. But he would at least throw a scare into the desert scavengers.

What upset the whole scheme, however, was the fact that Hammid El Bey didn't attack the village at all. He struck at one

CRACK COMICS

several miles to the north, and got away with several hundred slaves. The traitor had been a traitor all around!

Two weeks passed, while Eric and his little band went from village to village seeking information.

Eric managed, with much gold, to hire a young Arab who had once worked for the Bey. This lad he sent to the Bey's camp with the idea that he would again join the band. The lad returned one night a week later. He had good news. The Bey was ready to attack a large village far to the east, where he would easily net a couple of thousand slaves.

It just happened that the village was surrounded by thick jungle, which reaches to the desert's edge toward the east of the territory. That suited Eric's new plan to a T.

The raid was to come off two nights hence. There was only one way to capture the Arabs and that was to unseat them from their mounts. But how to unseat an Arab from his horse? He was almost a part of the animal!

But Eric had uncovered an old device and it was worth a try. All day his boys had been scouring the jungle for the things he needed. Now the trap was installed at vantage points around the village which would be raided. The villagers had been warned to lie low.

The morning of the raid dawned hot and dusty. The village was uneasy. All feared the great Hammid El Bey.

Even Eric was a bit jumpy. If the scheme failed, he would be the butt of many a joke, and the white man's prestige would fall way down. It must not fail!

Eric himself was sitting high in a great tree, and at his feet were several oblong boxes. He was ready for the great attempt.

Soon he spotted a dust cloud far to the west. The cloud grew in proportions. Now tiny black

dots could be seen within the cloud. Horsemen. Hammid El Bey's raiding party! Eric tensed, his hands on the controls of his device.

Soon the first of the party, in the lead Hammid himself, resplendent in a colorful robe and burnoose, came racing over the sand. Behind him came the raiding party. They yelled and brandished their weapons, to scare the poor natives. They rode in a circle about the village. Then they were in the village itself, shooting and howling like wildmen. No natives showed.

The circle milled at a fast clip. Hammid El Bey knew that the blacks were hiding, but that made no difference.

Then suddenly a raider began slapping madly and screaming. The next moment he had pitched off his horse, which went rearing and snorting out of the village.

Then it seemed the whole pack began slapping and toppling off their horses. Hammid El Bey himself, cursing, was seen to be pitched from his great horse and landed in a heap. Two thirds of the band was now unseated. Then Eric's Sikhs and porters closed in, covering the band with rifles.

Eric himself had the pleasure

of taking the Bey single-handed. It was seen that Eric and all his men wore nets over their faces, plus gloves. A wild bus-sing was heard everywhere. Horses screamed and dashed off across the desert. Hammid's men, some hurt in falling, but all of them nursing fast-swelling blotches on faces and hands, cried out in agony.

Eric explained his trick a few days later when he had delivered Hammid El Bey and most of the raider's men to Major Greeley.

"You see," he said, "I had the boys gather a lot of bees' nests and hang them in the trees surrounding the village. Then we wired the nests to a battery which I controlled up in my tree. The natives laid low all during the raid because the bees were interested only in anything moving. Those raiders were moving fast! But not long after the bees hit them! It was funny the way they sprawled off their horses and yelled!"

Major Greeley shook his head. "You ought to be cited for this, Eric," he said simply. "You've done something all of us combined—two nations included—could not do. You've licked Hammid El Bey!"

Eric shook his head. "You forget, Major—it was the bees who licked the old boy!"

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GONE! OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WHERE COULD IT BE?

I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE!

OH, IF SOMETHING ELSE WOULD ONLY HAPPEN TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THIS TRAGEDY!

WHAT THE...?

DADDY!

WHAT IN BLAZES?

EEEE-YAH!

RUINED! OHHH! HORRIBLE!

TAKE IT EASY! I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD HOLLER!

DON'T HAVE HYSTERICS!... IT'S JUST A BIT OF GUM... MY PANTS CAN BE DRY-CLEANED... THEY'RE NOT RUINED!

MAYBE YOUR SILLY PANTS AREN'T RUINED—

BUT THAT GUM IS —AND IT WAS A PRICELESS MEMENTO I PICKED UP JUST AFTER IT WAS CHEWED BY VAN JACKSON, THAT ADORABLE NEW SWOON CROONER!

EH?

THE IMPRINTS OF HIS DEAR TEETH WERE IN IT... AND... AND... NOW YOU'VE SAT DOWN AND RUINED 'EM!... THEY'RE GONE FOREVER!

HENRY! YOU CAN'T! —SHE'S TOO BIG!

WHO CAN'T? YOU JUST WATCH!

Inkie

PUFF! PUFF!
SUCH A FIERY
TEMPER!

COME ON,
YOU HAVANA
LEAF! PUT
UP YOUR
DUKES AND
FIGHT!

by STAN
AL STAHL

INKIE, himself no bigger than a cigar, gets wrapped up in a cigar smuggling racket — and we **DO** mean **WRAPPED UP**!

I'M TELLING YOU AGAIN, INKIE,
BE VERY CAREFUL! YOU'RE SUCH
A LITTLE FELLOW THAT CROOKS
COULD FIND IDEAL USES
FOR YOU IN THEIR
CRIMES!

WAAAAH!

HAFF! YOU'D THINK I WAS
A KID, THE WAY HE TREATS
ME! I'M BIG ENOUGH TO
TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

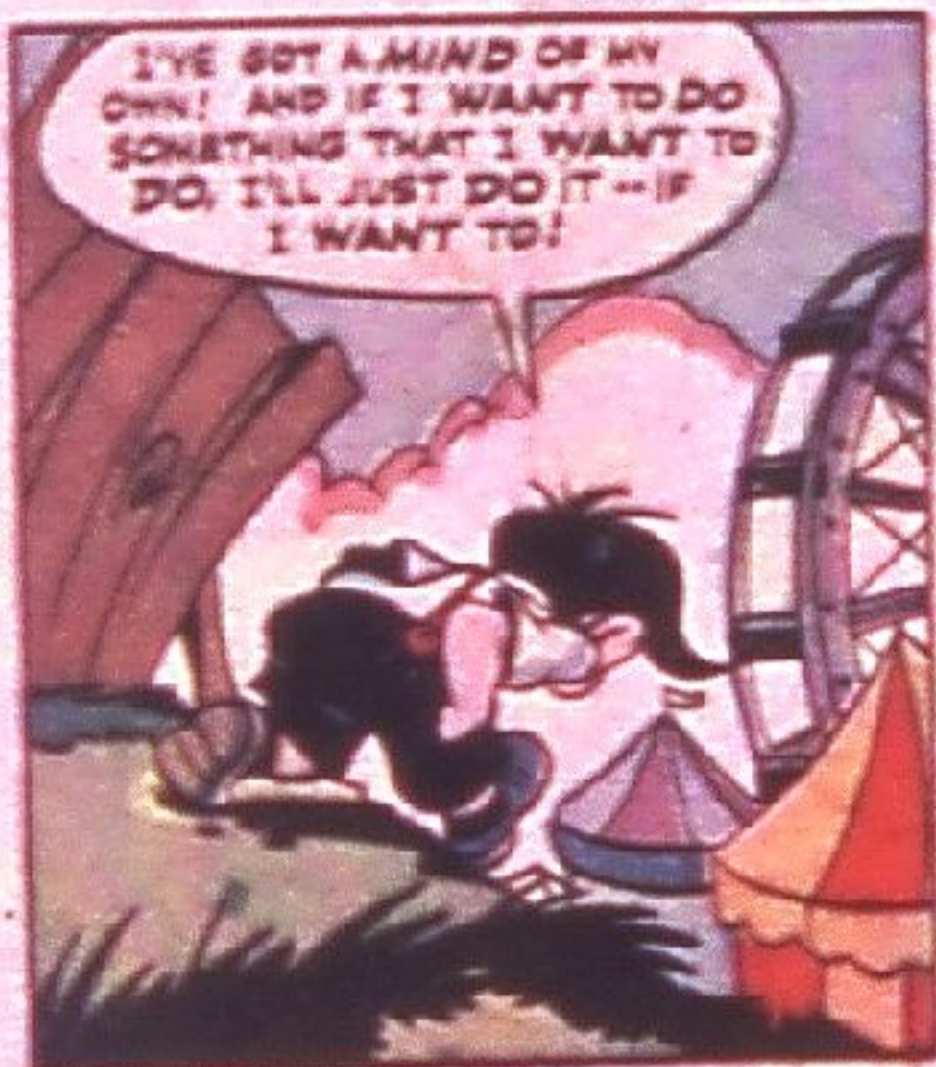
NEWS
CIGAR SMUGGLERS
USE EVERY METHOD
TO COVER THEIR
CRIMES!

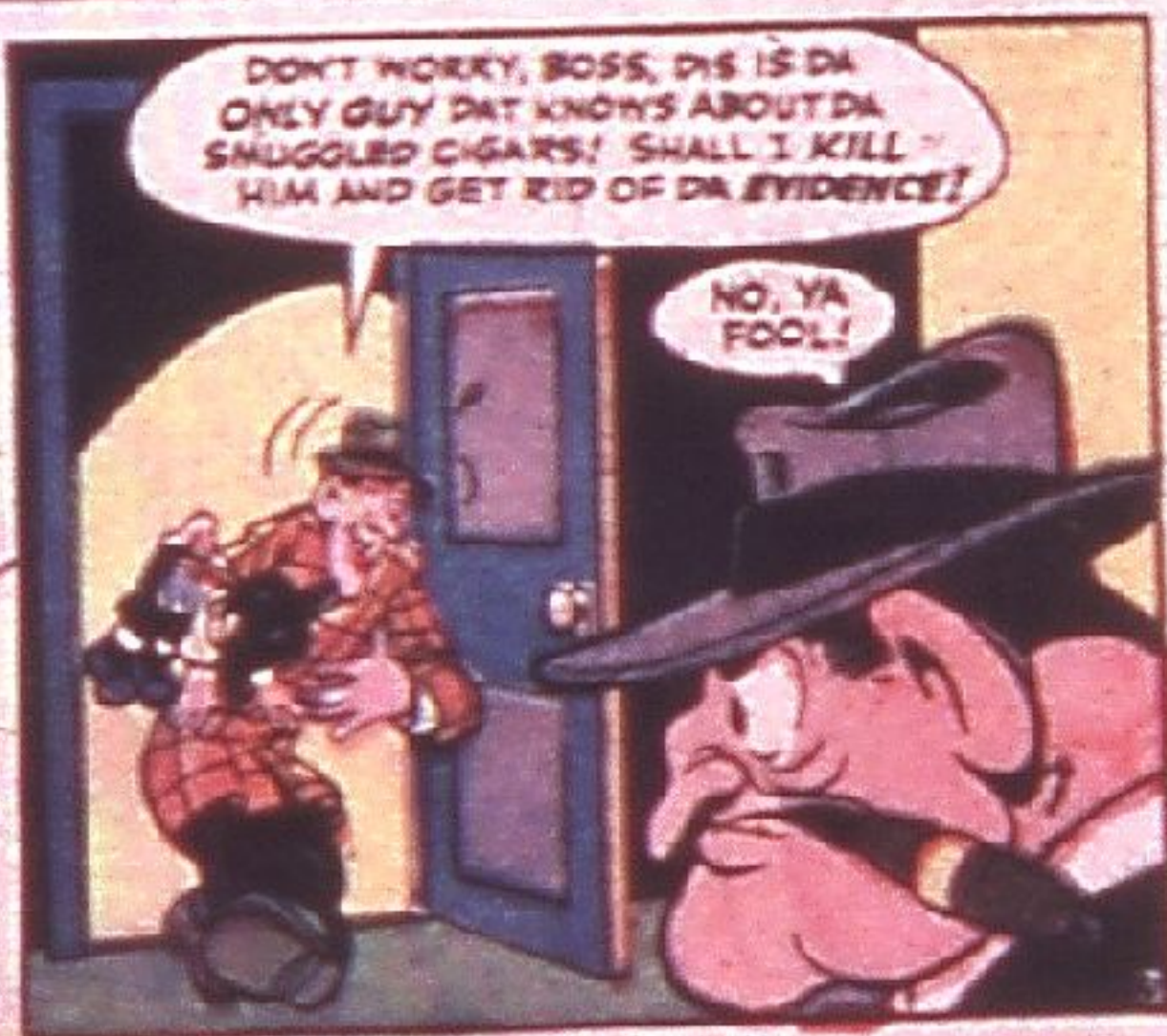
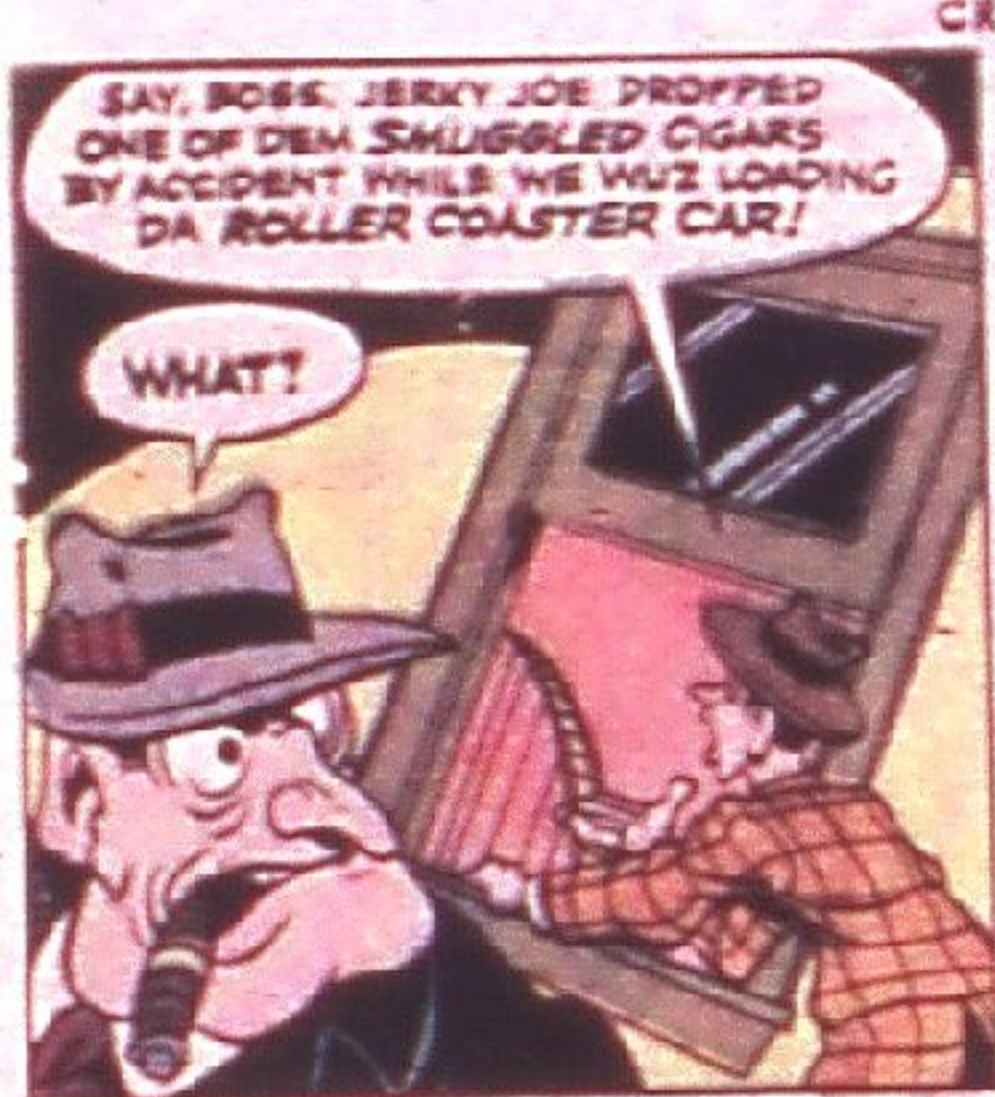
Crooks
on the
LOOSE!

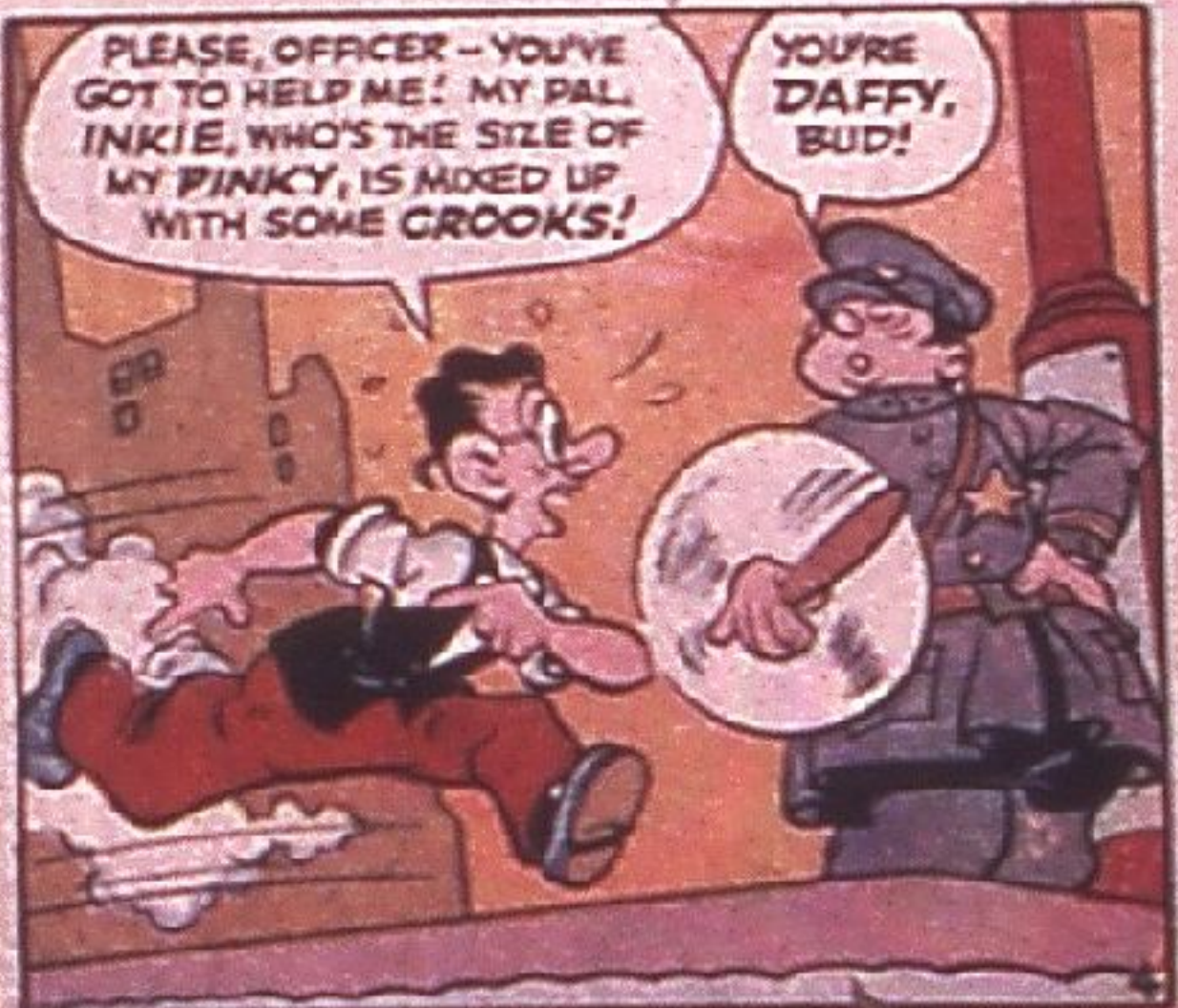
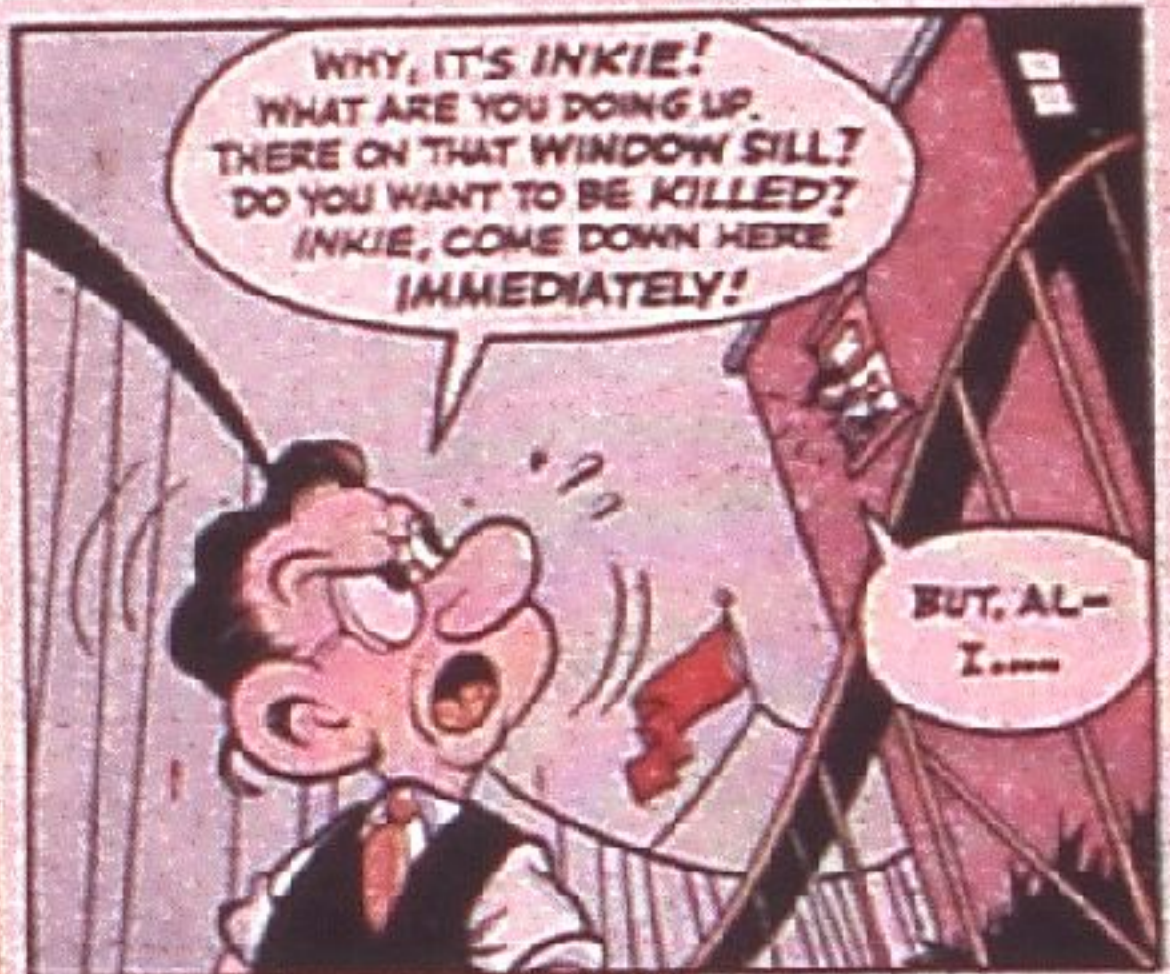
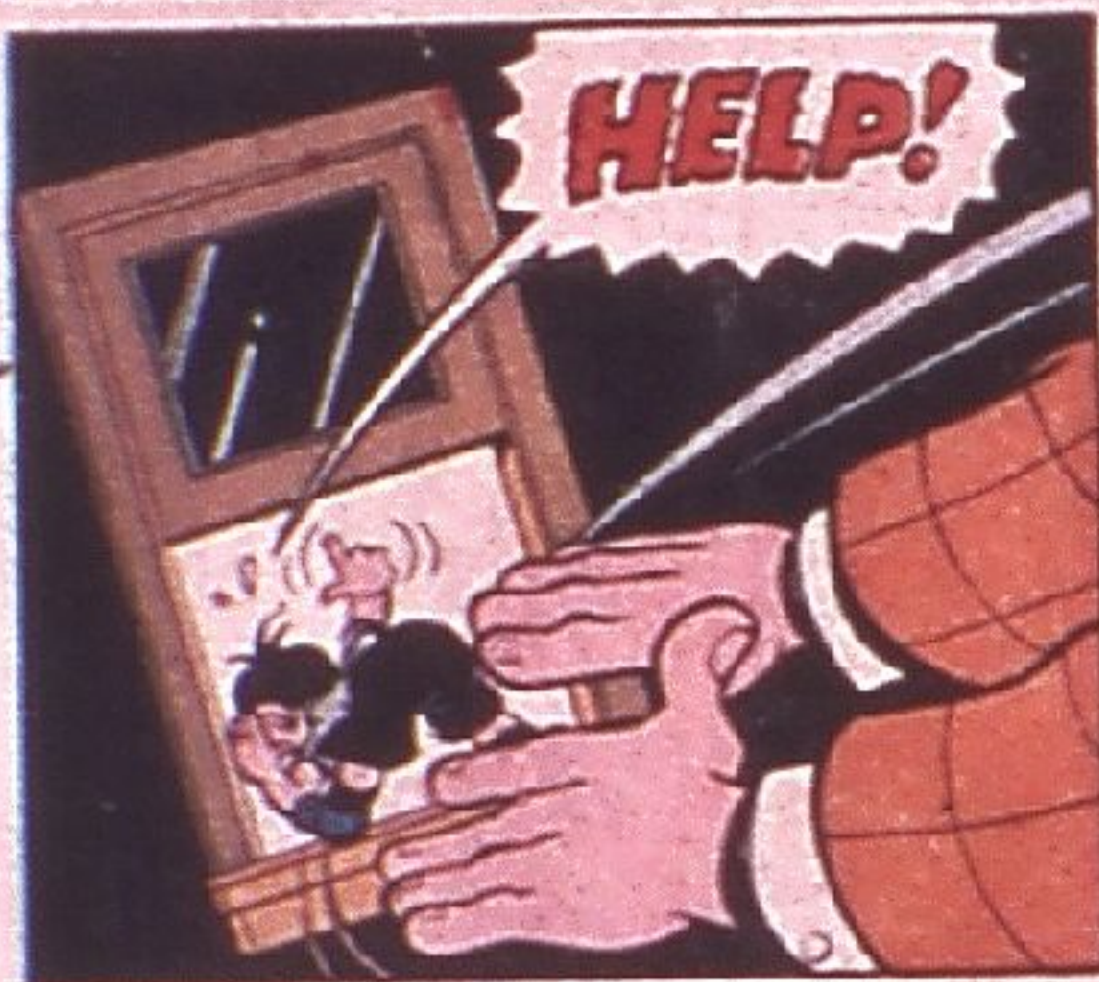
CRIME
SPREADS!

SMOKE
INKIE
NEEDS

CRACK COMICS

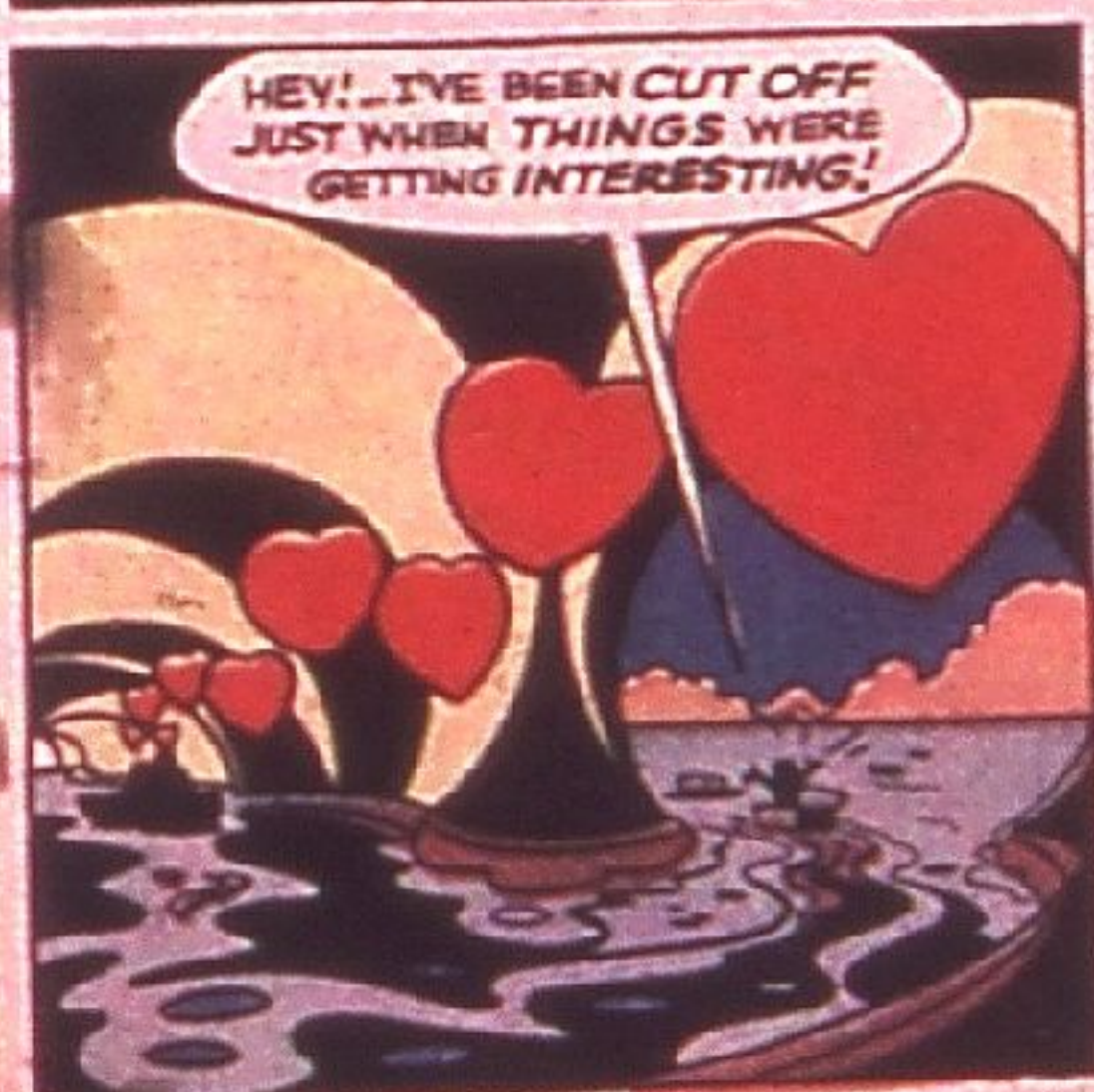


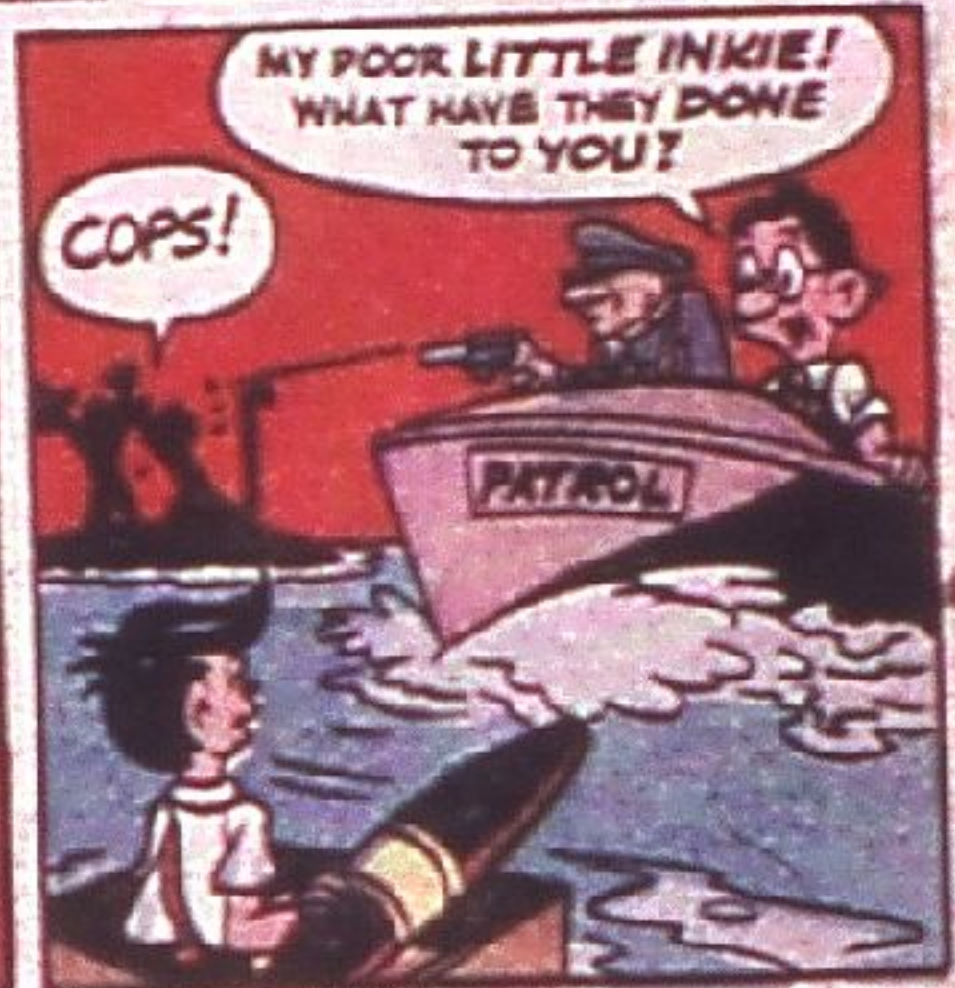












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Toolsie Captain Tootsie

AND THE HAND GRENADE

BY GIL BUCK AND PETER GARY, INC.

Panel 1: TOOLSIE! JIMMY FOUND A HAND GRENADE! HE'S GOING TO PLAY WITH IT! TOOLSIE! HE'S GOING TO PLAY WITH IT! TOOLSIE! HE'S GOING TO PLAY WITH IT!

Panel 2: THINK FOR LETTING ME HAVE THIS! THAT GRENADE MIGHT STILL BE DANGEROUS! I'LL RUN RIGHT OVER!

Panel 3: DID THAT FOMOLE DIE, CAPTAIN? THE GRENADE IS GOING TO CRASH THE BOAT AND CAPTURE US!

Panel 4: TELL EM TO WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A BIG ROCK IN THE WAY HERE!

Panel 5: WHY BOLD, IS GOING TO PLAY WITH OUR HAND GRENADE FIRST AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO CRASH IT! IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN FOMOLE DIE!

Panel 6: WHY DO I HAVE TO LET JIMMY BE A GENERAL, BOLD? I'M SCARED! I THOUGHT HIS BROTHER DIED THAT GRENADE WAS FROM HIM WHEN HE SAVED IT TO HIM!

Panel 7: I SUSPECT HE SWITCHED IT BACK WHEN SHE WASN'T LOOKING. FOMOLE, LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

Panel 8: THIS TOOL GRENADE AT EM, JIMMY! THE SPARKS ARE ON!

Panel 9: WON'T IT EXPLODE HERE... HUR JIMMY?

Panel 10: HAH, THIS GRENADE ISN'T ANY GOOD ANY MORE! WATCH MY AIM!

Panel 11: OUF OUF JIMMY'S THROWING HIS GRENADE RIGHT AT US!

Panel 12: JIMMY'S THROWING HIS GRENADE!

Panel 13: CAPT. TOOTSIE IS FIGHTING IN THE LINE CLUSTED FOR BATTLE!

Panel 14: WHY BOLD PASS THE TOOTSIE ROLL! QUICK ACTION USES UP LOTS OF ENERGY!

Panel 15: TOOTSIE ROLL! FIGHTING ACTION! DEFEAT JACK! ENERGY AND BOLD!

Panel 16: CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

Panel 17: DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN, FELLAS! TOO MANY PERSONS HAVE BEEN INJURED OR KILLED PLAYING WITH DISCARDED AMMUNITION! AND NOW YOU'D BETTER READ HOME, JIMMY! YOUR MOM WANTS TO SEE YOU!

Panel 18: CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

Panel 19: TOOLSIE ROLL! FIGHTING ACTION! DEFEAT JACK! ENERGY AND BOLD!

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